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A LETTER FROM ALASKA

Juneau, Alaska,
July 19th, 1931.

Dear Girls and Boys:

As you were so interested in my anticipated visit to "Uncle Sam's Attie," I am wondering if you would care to hear something of my journey thus far? You may picture me seated on the deck of the S.S. "Princess Charlotte" realizing a dominating wish—the wish to experience a long day, such as they have in "the land of the midnight sun." It is past ten o'clock at night and about as light as the early twilight of a summer day at home.

We have just left Juneau and will be in Skagway early tomorrow morning to begin the "last lap" of our trip to West Taku Arms Inlet. The purser tells us some of the rarest beauty of the journey through the "inside passage" is still ahead of us. It may be, but I can hardly realize it.

Now for a look backward. Our first port was Ketchikan. Here I was met by a Miss Florence Tobin, a former Quincy girl, who showed me the sights of the town, she now fondly calls home. Of course, Ketchikan has quite a number of totem poles, though the oldest and most unusual totems are at Wrangell, our second port. I must tell you of the visit to Chief Johnson's "shack," in front of which stands his totem pole. I speak of it as his, because you know each pole records a family history. As we were dining in the "shack," I was warned that I had better not go inside because of the dirty conditions, but this warning determined me to see for myself. I did not want to come that far and not see the old chief's curio shop. Well, I did not tarry long—just long enough to buy a couple of post cards, which I straightway tore up and threw away as soon as we were out of sight of the shack.

Chief Johnson's totem pole is rather unusual; in fact, it is the tallest pole in Alaska. It is surmounted by the "Kajuk"—a fabled bird—placed very high to show the dignity of his family. This bird amused himself by hurling rocks at ground hogs. Any passerby or spectator, fortunate enough to find one of these rocks, was assured of becoming very rich.

Thinking of Ketchikan reminds one to tell you that you must not think of Alaska as I did when I was your age. At that time the very name of Alaska spelled for me a region of snow and ice. Now what will you say when I tell you that for the past three winters the boys and girls have had no skating and not even enough snow to make it worth the trouble of getting out their sleds?

At Wrangell, as I said, we found the oldest and most curious totems, many of which belong

to the Raven Phratry or tribe. The legend of the Raven is so beautiful that I am going to trespass a little further upon your time and tell it to you.

The Indians at one time believed there was darkness on the surface of the earth. The creator, the great Raven, lived at the head of the Nass River and selfishly kept the sun, moon, and stars hidden from mortals. Modern legends say he kept them hidden in boxes—the older legends say they were kept in bags.

One of the mortals determined to get this light for his fellow-men. So he influenced the grand-child of the Creator to ask to play with the bags and in time to release the contents. This little child was a great favorite with his grandfather and could have anything he wished. One day, he asked to play with the bag of stars. He was given the bag and in his play—under the influence of the mortal—he opened the bag and threw the stars up into the sky. They did not give enough light, so again under mortal influence, he begged for the bag containing the moon. This bag was given him and after playing awhile with it, he untied that bag and tossed the moon into the sky. Still there was not sufficient light for the mortals.

By this time, the Raven had become very angry and as a punishment, had forbidden the child to play with the bag containing the sun. The little fellow cried and cried incessantly for the bag that held the sun, and would not be comforted. Finally the grandfather relented and allowed the child, attended by a number of servants, whose care was to watch the bag, to have the bag for a play-thing. For a long time the little fellow seemed satisfied with rolling the bag about, but, eventually, evading his watchers, he carried out his original purpose, untied the bag and threw the sun into the sky. He was so frightened by his disobedient act that he ran away and was never found.

The legend tells us that for a long time the mortals were afraid of the great light, and that many of them ran into the mountains and became animals, while others jumped into the sea and were changed into fish.

How I wish you might see the wonderful flowers here. They are so unusual, bed after bed of pansies, measuring—by actual measurement—three inches from tip to tip. The dahlias, roses, sweet peas, and geraniums grow just as profusely.

Now I must retire and try to sleep, though the long twilight makes me feel—as we say back home—as though I were "going to bed with the chickens."

With best wishes, I am,

Your sincere friend,

HELEN MAUDE DELLIKER.

NEWS FROM ABROAD

Champtocé, France,
May, 1933.



ANNETTE, LOUISE, MR. BUCK

To the Pupils of North Quincy High School:

The first impression people have of a foreign country is not always a fair one. It takes some time to throw off the prejudices in one's mind upon arrival. Everything seems to be done so differently. Later on one finds that the differences are superficial and the similarities fundamental. I am always a bit surprised when a Frenchman looks upon something as a curiosity which I've always accepted without thinking twice about, in Quincy.

My first trip along the Loire offered plenty of so-called "curiosities." Even the road-signs were different. Cross-roads were indicated by diagonal lines instead of horizontal ones in the following manner X. Most of the houses belonging to the tradespeople had only one story and were not painted, the only color being red tiles on the roof. Of course, occasional signs indicating that "Socony" gasoline and "Vee-dol" oil could be had for so much a litre made me feel as though the world were not so large after all.

Champtocé is a small town situated right on the northern bank of the Loire. It has its Main Street and railway station. Now a bus line has been introduced and one can go from Angers to Nantes for the modest fare of twelve cents. Passing along Main Street in Champtocé we find that there is a conspicuous lack of drug stores selling ice cream and soft drinks,

that being a unique American institution. Ice cream is not very popular in France, though I have seen it sold in small quantities in Angers, the nearest large town.

Champtocé is in the modern department of Maine-et-Loire which used to be the old province of Anjou, made famous by the Plantagênet kings of England. The latter name belonged to an old family and comes from old French, meaning a "sprig of broom." This yellow flower, very abundant in Anjou, was used on the coat of arms of the Plantagênet family. When Henry II ascended the throne in England he owned a third of France, including all of the Loire Valley.

Nowadays we see busy townspeople going about their work or sitting in the cafés discussing the latest political movements of the French government while an occasional priest or policeman goes riding by on a bicycle! At one end of the town are the remains of a once imposing castle, of which only one tower remains, which belonged to Gilles de Retz. The latter was once the richest man in France and one is not surprised to see the remains of other castles which belonged to him at Tiffanges and elsewhere. He was made marshal of France during the Hundred Years' War and was a staunch friend of Joan of Arc until her death. Later he fell into the evil practices of the times and tried to find the Philosopher's Stone which would, supposedly, give him eternal youth. To do this, so the story goes, he needed the blood of innocent children sacrificed to the spirits of the underworld. At any rate, he was finally caught and convicted with great ceremony at Nantes where he was executed. Shortly afterwards he became known as Blue Beard and may have inspired the famous story of Blue Beard and his wives as told in Perrault. Even now the peasant mothers of Champtocé warn their wilful and misbehaving children that "Blue Beard will get them if they don't watch out." However, modern historians are inclined to favor Gilles a bit more and lay many of the atrocities claimed to be his to the propaganda of his enemies.

Next to the old castle we find a modern grocery store with a sign on it indicating that it belongs to a great chain of stores known as the "Doe de l'Ouest." Just as our Atlantic and Pacific stores in America enable people to buy goods cheaper than private dealers, so do these. The grocer, M. Herbec, has an amazing amount of popularity which is greatly aided by a cheery smile enhanced by a very apparent set of false teeth.

A little farther on to the right is the street leading to the Champtocé club house and the "boule" courts. The game of "boule," more or less related to bowling, is played out of doors at Champtocé, though other nearby towns have very luxurious alleys indoors. Sometimes

we play far into the night, if there is a good moon, anxious to see which side will get the last point. The game consists of a rectangular court about the length of a bowling alley and wider. The sides going from the player are curved upward giving him a chance to do many tricks with his "boule." Sometimes a "boule" goes from side to side finally coming to rest at the desired spot. This is called "playing the bands." Furthermore the balls are weighted on one side and can be made to go by numerous routes to the same place. The game is played with sides and the scoring consists of points gained by getting nearest to the master ball at the other end of the court. Sometimes it is necessary to send the "boule" at a terrific speed to remove two or three opposing "boules" and at the same time leave those which add points to the players' side. It requires the skill of billiards with the energy of bowling to do this.



REGIS, ELISE, JACQUES, CLAUDE

Next to the club is the smithy where everything pertaining to ironwork is done in an incredibly skillful manner. Above the door at the entrance is a small statue of Saint Eliguis, who adorns many such workshops as patron saint, an institution surviving from the Middle Ages. Part of the smithy is now a garage made famous by the skilled M. Bruno, a mechanic of rare ability who has the faculty of keeping any bit of machinery in perfect condition. I'm sure we wouldn't have electricity at LePin half of the time if it were not for his keeping the Delco system in running order. A short time ago he fixed Mr. Gignoux's car which had burned out two bearings for the moderate sum of six dollars, the standard price.

In most European towns it is impossible to forget history. Monuments and ruins usually compel one's attention, but even names testify to past events. Champtocé is now supposed to have come from Champ de César or Campus Caesariis, and indeed Roman weapons and tools have been found not far away. On the other side of the Loire is the town of Montjean where once stood a temple to the Roman god, Janus. The Latin name used to be Mons Janus.

The road to the right, just before entering Champtocé, leads to the Château du Pin where I am now living. It was originally built by a member of the Cuissard family in 1320 and burned down sometime during the first half of the sixteenth century. Francis I gave 50,000 pounds to the Cuissard owner of the time to have it rebuilt. At the battle of Pavia in Italy, Francis I, Cuissard, and other nobles were taken prisoner. When Cuissard returned he found that his bailiff, who had died in the meantime, had been buried in his private chapel. The bailiff's relatives had despaired of seeing Cuissard alive again. However, they defended themselves by saying that the proceedings had taken place by "inadvertence," a rather vague term. A law suit followed of which the papers are still preserved in Angers. In 1720 the last member of the Cuissard family married the Comte de la Faucherie. During the Republic uprisings of the latter part of the century her daughter hid in a haystack from the soldiers at a place called la Prévôté. Although the original intention of the latter was to burn the stack, they were beguiled by the wily peasants who offered them wine in large quantities with the result that they forgot about Mademoiselle de la Faucherie. However, the last daughter of the family married the Vicomte de la Haye, in whose family the chateau has remained until it was bought by Mr. Gignoux in 1920. Mr. Gignoux had entered the war in the French army right after graduation from Harvard and his purchase of the château served as a final bit of evidence of his interest in France. Due to his extensive knowledge of gardening and botany, we now have one of the most beautiful gardens in Angers.



CHATEAU DU PIN WITH THE MOAT

Though only a third of its former size (remember in the Middle Ages the Nobles owned all of the land), le Pin now covers about three hundred sixty acres. There are actually four

separate farms working for the upkeep of the place. The one nearest the village is called les Touches where the cattle, pigs, fowl, and sheep are kept. On the other side of the road is a huge stone cross which is said to have been erected by Saint Louis who defeated the Bretons in battle while on his way to the Crusades. The avenue leading from the Touches to le Pin are lined with beech, pine, ash, poplar, and platane trees.

Another farm is called la Prévôté, which really doesn't belong to le Pin now, although the inhabitants have always kept up a lively interest in our work. The Père Chereau has quite a bit of fame as a bone-setter in Champocé; that is, any dislocated ankle, elbow, or shoulder is cured by him accompanied by an ancient incantation and a merry twinkle in his eye. The Mère Chereau, one time chief gossip of the town, has acquired discretion with age, and although she doesn't talk less, her gossip now is clothed in parables. If, during a conversation, she talks a great deal about her animals, you may be pretty sure that some scandal is being passed on to you. One has to be quite clever to catch the significance and frequently her hens or geese are mentioned as doing the most extraordinary things.

Nearby is a small house called la Fillonau which was bought some years ago by an Englishman and a Dutch Baron. It has now been turned into a very attractive home with paintings and miniatures belonging to their respective families. When they first came they were suspected of being German spies. Having lived that down they are now very popular among the villagers. The Baron speaks English, Dutch, German, and French with equal ease. His present hobby is the piano and his taste inclines to American popular tunes. Courtney is an Englishman with a very keen sense of humor. Any event, however slight, evokes spasms of laughter when retold by him.

Courtney has helped me in getting together a baseball team. We had to make our own bats out of ash wood, since the game is unknown in rural France and bats cannot be bought. One old peasant who was watching the game with much attention finally came over and asked me if we were playing golf. The children have taken to the game with much zeal.

About this time of the year much interest is diverted to the problems of planting and gardening in general. Some of the farmers are rather superstitious about this. There are a

surprising number of "do's" and "don't's" in the Angevin's almanac. For instance, if it rains within five days before or after Rogation Tuesday, we have good wheat! Beans must be planted on Friday; if you transplant parsley you die within the year. In the springtime salt is sprinkled on the fields to prevent witches from spoiling the cows' butter. Perhaps the most extraordinary superstition is that concerning Mary Magdalen's Day. On leaving church everyone notices in which direction the wind is blowing. If it comes from the north, the wheat crop will be good; if it comes from the south, the butter will be good. In spite of these various beliefs, and I must say most of the inhabitants are rather skeptical of them now, the farmers have excellent crops and the "bad" years are few and far between. Another belief which is perhaps a little stronger concerns itself with Christmas Eve. At midnight all of the animals are supposed to receive the power of speech, and there are many peasants who live along the Loire Valley who could not be induced to enter a stable at midnight on Christmas Eve under any circumstances. They believe that they would be punished by losing their own power to speak for the rest of their lives.

In closing, I shall mention one or two facts about French schools. Unfortunately, visitors are not allowed in the public schools during classes, but I know one of the teachers here and some of the pupils. The geography teacher took me aside one day and wanted to know the correct pronunciation of "Massachusetts," which is quite a "tongue-twister" for French people. Children who intend to go to college study in the so-called secondary schools until they are seventeen, when they pass an examination for their baccalauréat or entrance certificate. This "exam" is equal in difficulty to the final "exams" of sophomores in American colleges. They work undoubtedly harder in France. Many of their reading books are American or English authors translated. The French have not had writers who have won the sympathies of young people such as Stevenson, Mark Twain, and Cooper. Jules Verne, perhaps, of all of them, keeps his place in the American school library.

Very sincerely yours,

FREDERIC H. BUCK.

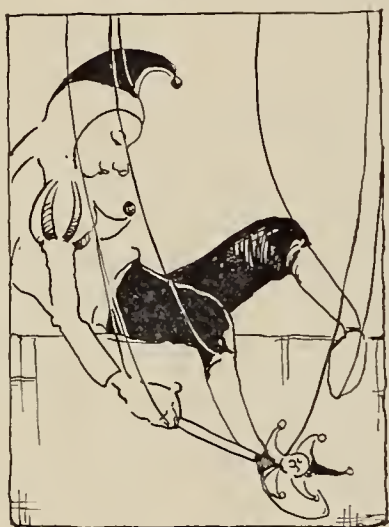
"But, indeed, we prefer books to pounds; and we love manuscript better than florins; and we prefer small pamphlets to war horses."—Isaac D. Israeli

THE FOLLOWING STORY WON FIRST PRIZE IN THE SHORT STORY CONTEST.

WHEN THE PUPPETS SANG

The highway was white and hot, patterned with purple shade from the olive orchards where the locusts sang their vibrant monotony mid dust laden leaves. Down the slope of the hill, through sunlight and shadow, slowly moved a little company. There was a red wagon drawn by a small and very dirty donkey, an old man strolling beside it, and last a girl-child who walked slowly scuffling her bare feet in the thick, warm dust. She raised her head and called to the man, "Zio, how long to Palermo?"

"Not far now, cara mia, see there now." Below them in the distance lay spread a white



city, following the edge of the blue Mediterranean, Palermo.

"Ah, little one, they will sing well tonight, no? Old Palermo has never heard their like, —or seen. Rigoletto, yes, a Rigoletto worthy of La Scala."

The old man took off his hat and wiped his head. The donkey twitched its ears and broke into a nervous trot trundling the red wagon after her through the dust. Laughing, the girl gave chase.

A short while later the three entered the gate of the city. The girl having an arm about the neck of the donkey, Maria, and holding Zio Paolo by the other hand. Slowly they made their way through the narrow, crowded streets to a little inn. There the donkey and the wagon were put in the stable while the child Annunziata groomed the donkey and trimmed her collar with tiny silver bells and Zio opened a door in the wagon and took from it a strange company, dolls with strings, puppets. The brilliant fool, Rigoletto, his lovely unhappy daughter, and the wicked noble man. With loving hands the old one arranged his cast, straightened their wires or mended a torn costume. Then he let down a door in the side of the wagon and prepared the stage. Their

work complete, the two washed in the cold water of the inn fountain, and seated themselves on a pile of fresh straw and ate a supper of black bread and sour wine (very little so that the voices would be clear).

Behold them in the evening passing through the lighted streets, Annunziata, flowers in her smooth hair, great eyes shining with excitement, clutching Zio's hand. Zio leading the donkey, watching for a place best suited to his purpose. Then in the center of a plaza they stop. A sign is placed in the wagon saying that Rigoletto will be performed that night, the stage is opened and from the little box emerge the opening strains to Verdi's immortal opera. Inside the wagon Zio arranges the wires of two performers, one on each hand; Annunziata the wires of two more on hers. At last the moment, the characters enter and voices lift in song, one the wreck of a glorious, robust baritone; the other, a clear, childish soprano. A passerby stops, then another. A housewife on her way from market, a tailor's apprentice with a package to deliver, a vender of sweet drinks and goat's milk, ruddy men from the olive orchards, then more; in a short time a crowd is humming the familiar airs. At intervals a fresh strong voice will break in and accompany the puppet, singing all that he remembers—a chorus of Bravas for his efforts. Between the acts Annunziata appears holding a little brass bowl, passes through the audience, her head carried high on her slender neck, dropping a courtesy or a murmured "grazie" for a coin, flushing and trembling when someone shouts.

"Aha, Signorina Patti we have heard you in Milano, yes?" amid good natured laughter. She wishes in her child's heart she might find courage to shout back with a toss of her hair, "And who, then, was Madame Patti?"

But no, she knows afterward her Zio will comfort her and tell her of the days when he will be gone and she herself will tread the stage of La Scala and burn candles for him at the feet of Our Lady in the Duomo.

At last, the performance complete and a store of liras in the leather purse at Zio's waist, they return to the inn and to pallets of straw in the stable. Zio Paolo goes over the entire piece criticising minutely a fault of breathing here or a note off key there and rehearsing the opera until the child weeps herself to sleep in his arms, despairing.

So for years the two had roamed over all Italy. Sometimes two performances a day in clear weather; in the rain they rehearsed a new score. In stables and out of doors Zio taught her stage deportment, how to enter the stage and how to walk, how to bow and the aristocratic Tuscan accent. So they had been

together since the day Zio had taken her from her mother, a street singer in Naples after her father was killed, fighting with Garibaldi. They wandered through many cities, returning once perhaps, twice in a year. The urchins knew them by sight and would run to greet them, swarming over the old man begging, "Zio, give us a story."

Then he would take some on his knees and surrounded by a ring of dirty, eager faces he would begin his story.

"Once when I was young and sang in La Scala I loved a beautiful lady. She sang with me and all Milano loved to hear us. She was a tall, fair girl, a Tedesco. The night we sang 'Il Travatore' together they took the horses from a carriage and drew us about the streets, singing. One time I bought a flower cart and pushed it to her door leaving a pile of roses on the stair. I fought for her a duel. — Did she love me? Of course, I was a very handsome man then. Ah yes, she loved me, little turnips, they all loved me!"

"Tell us, Zio, did you marry her, the pretty lady?"

"Marry her? No, you see she was a very strange woman, all women are strange. She married the drummer one night—right out of the pit."

Of course they did not believe. This funny, bent old man in La Scala, absurd. But Annunziata she always believed. Always she followed him and believed, and he taught her all he knew. Until one morning when she was seventeen she arose and lighted candles, one at his head, the other at his feet. And in the afternoon she followed a black cart to a burial ground. As she moved along kind people would murmur "Che peccato" or "Tutto è finero" with a shake of the head. She did not hear them. She was following for the last time. Eyes dry, head erect, heavy feet in the dust; she would not weep for all to see.

At the end a tall stranger came to her beside the grave and said gently, "Your father, little one?"

"Mi hi tenuto luogo di padre, he was as a father to me, Reverence, but in truth I knew him not." She drew a little slip of yellowed paper from the leathern purse bound about her waist.

"This I found in his box." But she could not read it then, so the tall one in black took it from her.

"Child, had you this truly from him yonder? Why then, one of the greatest singers in all history has passed. He whom they named The Lost, and Glorious. Paolo Giovanni Tavelli. He says you must take all he left and this message—go with it to Milano and the conservatory.

He says that he has trained you and those who loved him will help you in respect to his memory."

So then in the evening a slight figure on a little red wagon drives a dirty gray donkey into the North, following once more to Milano.

ELIZABETH BALCOM, 11-1.

THIS STORY WON SECOND PRIZE.

COCO AND THE CAT

The crowd was streaming out onto the sidewalk from the canopied entrance of the "Hall of Music and the Dance," whose posters announced that Cecille Antoinette had just completed her last ballet performance for the season. Taxis drew up and went off, and the departing crowd could be heard murmuring, "Exquisite," "Delightful," "Inspiring."

Later at the stage entrance the great Cecille herself emerged on the arm of a white haired gentleman, tall, lean, with long white hands which, unfortunately, hung a bit too much from his sleeves.

"Coco," he said to his companion, "You are better every night."

Cecille laughed and shook her full brown hair. "Professor Grindle," she said with mock severity, "You dare to call me Coco? I am Cecille, the great——." She stopped as a large woman in a pink satin gown approached her and gushed: "Mademoiselle Cecille, may I have the honor to congratulate you on your superior performance?" Then catching sight of the Professor—"Why Professor Grindle! You, of all——."

"Allow me," said Grindle, taking Coco's hand in his long one, "to present Mademoiselle Cecille Antoinette, my daughter."

"Your daughter?" A shrill question. "I had no idea you were married."

"Ah," said Grindle, from his tall height. "You see, I married Philista."

"Philista?" It was almost a scream. And to herself, "The man's mad!"

It would seem so. Philista was, or had been a Persian cat. Let me tell you about it.

* * * *

Professor Grindle was in winter a professor of English at the State College. He was generally spoken of as "a dry old apple." In the summer he lived just across some pleasant acreage from the Children's Home, in a city suburb. He had two interests in life, the book he was writing on, "Contemporary English Literature," and his white Persian cat with blue eyes, Philista.

At the time we are concerned with him, he was sitting in his gloomy library, reading for

the second time a letter from his sister. "Philista," said he, striking the Persian's head, "for a woman who has made such a poor success at marital happiness, I do not feel that she's the one to advise my marrying. She advises me, Philista, to seek the hand of Mrs. Clara D. Winthrop, widow of the late L. M. Winthrop, almost-a-millionaire. (It is Clara D. Winthrop who many years later, in pink satin, pronounced him mad.) He crumpled the letter and tossed it into the cold fireplace.

Wiggson, the plump cook, appeared in the doorway, with her arms folded under her apron. "Professor," she announced in a solid, comfortable voice, "the weather is simply wonderful. Why don't you step out in the orchard? It would be wonderful for you."

(Professor Grindle had once, in a fit of rage, informed Wiggson that "wonderful" was not the only adjective in the dictionary, only to cause Wiggson to sniff in a hurt way, and burn the biscuits for supper—with no other effect.)

Grindle straightened his long legs, pulled down his sleeves and arose. "Possibly, Wiggson, you are right; Philista has already departed garden-wards." He stood on the doorstep, a slightly stooped figure, as if he had endlessly ducked to avoid low doorways and ran his fingers through his black hair, which was greying a little. Philista was nowhere in sight. He sat down to wait for her.

It was nearly dusk, and Philista had not yet arrived. Grindle had decided to go in search of her, when he saw a small figure toiling up the walk carrying a still smaller figure in its arms.

"Good Heavens!" cried Grindle. "It's a child and Philista." He hurried down the walk to meet his visitor. It was indeed a child, a very small person, and indeed Philista. But both were hardly recognizable.

"You know," Grindle said, describing it later to a friend, "there had been a heavy rain, and the hollows were full of mud. Both this remarkable infant, and Philista were a deep, coco-brown."

"Coco-brown," mused his friend, "Coco's a cute name for a youngster."

But that was later. Now Grindle surveyed the child from his cold height. "You came," he said, noticing her dress, "from the orphanage. How did you get out, and what have you been doing with Philista?"

The child was quite unconcerned. "There is a hole in the fence," she said, with astonishing distinctness. "And pussey was there, and we just played."

"M-m-m," said Grindle, "evidently."

He took the Persian from the child's arms. "You'd better go back," he told the child. "They'll be looking for you."

The child looked grave. "I will be spanked," she said sorrowfully, "un-mer-ci-fu-ly."

Grindle stared. "What a pity," he said, rather inconsequently.

"Good day, sir," said the youngster suddenly.

"Ah!" said Grindle. "Good day." Holding the muddy Persian in his arms, he watched the little figure depart.

The next day the Persian did not return till late. The subsequent days she still forsook the Professor's company. At last Grindle went to see where she spent her time. He tramped across his land until he reached the tall fence that marked the separation of his and the Home's territory. At the corner of the fence was a small hole, just large enough for a cat to go through. Behind the fence he heard a voice.

"Philista," it said, and Grindle recognized it as the voice of his muddy little visitor, "you've got to go home. He'll be looking for you."

Grindle stood up and looked over the fence. Seated on the ground was the child, clad in the same blue frock with white buttons down the back, with thick, dark brown hair, and when she looked up, black eyes.

"Oh," she said, with a delightful, childish smile. "You see, they've nailed up my hole, so Philista has to come to see me."

"Oh," said Grindle, "I see."

A few days later Professor Grindle said to his housekeeper, "Wiggson, Philista is no longer mine. She spends all her time with that child from the orphanage."

"Well," said Wiggson, "Why don't you adopt the child? That'll keep Philista around the house. Besides a child around here would be——."

"Wonderful," supplied Grindle.

"Just what I thought, Professor," said Wiggson, missing the point.

"Bah!" said Grindle. "Preposterous!" But there was something haunting about that child —. He wondered if he was just a lonely man —growing old.

Sometime later found the little orphan established in the Grindle household.

"Child," said the Professor, "how old are you?"

"Six."

"And your name?"

"Cecille."

"I extremely dislike the name," said Grindle slowly. "From henceforth you shall be known as—as—Coco."

Coco was a temperamental, unruly, highly lovable child, with a fondness for chocolate cake.

"Coco," said the professor, beholding the child smeared with chocolate icing, and point-

ing his long, white finger at her, "you are an extremely wicked child."

Coco grinned and attempted to push away his work to get up on his knee. "Go away," said Grindle. "I'm writing a book."

Coco committed a grievous sin. "Won'erable," said she.

"Coco," said Grindle, seriously, "I——," he stopped.

"M-m-m." said Coco, astonishingly, climbing into his lap, "So'm I."

Such was Coco. At seven, she started to take dancing lessons. At eight she was reading, having been taught by Grindle, books far above her. At ten she had already been on small stages, and could play a piano rather nicely. At twelve she was a graceful, even though leggy creature who spoke French fluently.

On her twelfth birthday Grindle called her to him. "Coco," he said, "I'm sending you away."

"Away?"

"To France, to study dancing."

"But you, what will you do?" She frowned, then brightened. "I'll tell you. Why don't you marry and settle down?"

Grindle smiled and fluttered his long fingers down the Persian's back. "I'll settle down, all right," he said. "But there's no one I want to marry, except, possibly, Philista."

Coco laughed. "That would be a nice wedding, said she. "You and Philista. I shall be your bridesmaid, and wear a pink ballet costume."

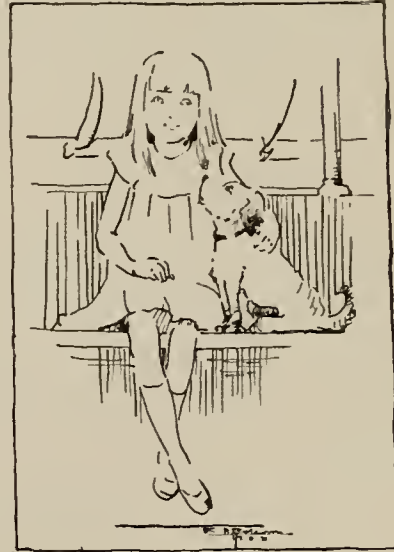
HAZEL BORNE, 11-1.

HONORABLE MENTION IN SHORT STORY CONTEST.

SHADOW ON THE SUN

"Rumpelstiltskin" was crying. Well, you'd cry too if your Daddy didn't pay any attention to your very own dog, when he was very sick, but instead played bridge with a tall, strange lady who had red fingernails like blood, and tried to kiss you without getting mussed. No fear of that, however, for "Rumpelstiltskin" had stood very still like a statue, and received the affectionate greeting. Daddy should have told the lady that only he and Marie were allowed to kiss her, and sometimes Muggsie, but Daddy for some inexplicable reason thought Muggsie's kisses unsanitary; at least they didn't leave pink streaks like Lillian's. Here another great sob shook the slender shoulders at the thought of Muggsie lying sick and unseeing in the little box Marie had fixed so soft and warm under her own bed in the

"nursery cabin." That was what Mumsy used to call their bedroom on the yacht, so Marie said, but "Rumpelstiltskin" didn't remember—she had been so young when Mumsy died. And now this horrid woman had come whom Daddy took to parties and gave parties for, that made Marie lots of work whenever they anchored at Newport, which was getting to be pretty often.



Last summer "Rumpel" had run sun-suited and barelegged all over the boat, even when Daddy had entertained that most distinguished looking man with the field glasses and the white uniform with gold braid on the sleeves, during race week. This summer, while Marie grumbled at pressing stiff organdie and sheer batiste whenever Lillian was to be their guest—"Rumpel" sat very primly with Muggsie in the shady stern, answered when she was spoken to, and admired Lillian politely with her eyes. Lillian always called her Rosamonde, which was, of course, her Christian name, but "Rumpel" hated it, especially since Daddy, who had given her the absurd nickname after the fairytale princess, laughed and said it was about time she became civilized.

Finally, with a perfectly enormous sigh, she pushed open the french doors to the salon and queried in a small voice, even smaller through the haze of cigarette smoke that developed the four at the card table.

"Daddy, aren't you ever going to call the doctor for Muggsie? You promised." But Daddy only looked up absent-mindedly and said: "One no trump. Run along, dear, and tell Marie to wash your face"—because he'd even forgotten it was Marie's afternoon off.

"Rumpel" closed the door softly and ran back to Muggsie who thumped his tail hard when she whispered apologetically in his ear that Daddy was very busy just at present.

And so it happened that Marie found them both asleep on the cabin floor upon her return three hours later.

"Poor kiddie," was her only comment as she tucked "Rumpel" still sleeping, in bed for the night. "She'll be heartbroken about Muggsie, drat that Lillian woman."

That was why as the minister solemnly pronounced the closing words of the marriage ceremony and the organ burst forth triumphantly into the strains of Mendelssohn's immortal melody, "Rumpel" saw only the wistful face of a little dog, his tail wagging faithfully, somewhere in the vastly dimness of the church loft.

JANET ADAIR, 11-9.

HONORABLE MENTION.

NIGHT-ERRANT

Basil Thorndike, very long and thin after an attack of the flu, was taking a reluctant leave of the Stormes.

"I'm awfully sorry, Lady Storme, indeed I am," he said, bowing over the good lady's hand in courtly fashion. "I would like to stay, but the dear old family gets—shall I say—all hot and bothered if I don't show up for tea." He beamed in that delightful way that made all the elderly ladies call him a dear boy.

"I'll bet they do," murmured Jennifer, and screwing up one green eye, pretended to insert an invisible monocle, in Basil's imposing manner. Basil scowled at her over her mother's head, and then, remembering that he was twenty-one, bowed again to Lady Storme.

"Do take care of yourself, Basil," she said, nodding and smiling graciously. "You can't imagine how Jennifer worried when you were ill. She has SUCH an affectionate nature!"



Something like a faint hiss came from Jennifer's corner. Lady Storme turned her head in surprise. "What was that, my dear?"

"Only the eat, mother darling," answered Jen solemnly, with a reassuring nod of her red head.

"Listen!" she hissed fiercely. "I'm not going to kiss you, you blithering idiot!" Her eyes flashed fire. "The next time you feel the 'flu' coming on, kindly sit on the embankment in the fog for an hour, and then fall into the

"Yes," added Basil, with what he fancied an ironic smile. "Only your dear little eat."

"I'll go to the door with you," exclaimed Jennifer hastily, "come along, Basil." She put her arm through his and they left the elderly lady smiling benevolently.



When they reached the door, Basil felt himself propelled violently through onto the front steps.

"Well!" he gasped, and turned to find Jennifer behind him, her face close to his.

"Oh, I say, Jen, haven't you any modesty? What I mean is—it isn't just done on a public street, you know! Jolly old Mrs. Grundy and all that!" Basil contrived to look shocked, still remembering his important age. "river." The door banged. Basil was left alone. He opened his mouth to say something and changed his mind.

"A dear child," he said in audible tones to the wonderment of a bobby going by, "with SUCH an affectionate nature!"

Leaving the Stormes, Basil put his monocle in his pocket with great care, in case he should meet his elder brother. Then he searched methodically through his mind for an idea as to how to handle the red-headed, green-eyed Jennifer. She had begun hostilities between them when she was a year old, and he was four, by throwing her pet teddy-bear at him and commencing to weep loudly. As for Basil, he had always thought her a disgustingly homely brat until someone called her a stunning creature. And Jennifer was figuratively still throwing things at him, though Lady Storme approved of him heartily. Basil must go to Lady Storme as soon as possible and tell her of his feelings toward Jennifer.

Just as he reached this remarkable conclusion, he came into contact with a wide and solid object, which immediately spluttered: "You impudent young scoundrel!"

Basil drew back and replied dreamily, "I assure you, your Ladyship, my intentions are quite honorable."

"WHAT!"

Basil widened his eyes in horror. His rather good-looking young face turned a beet-like hue. "Oh—I beg your pardon!" He went away from there rapidly, but not before he had seen, under the lady's arm, a small and melancholy dog.

He snapped his fingers and strode onward. The small dog's forlorn expression had brought to mind his father's secretary, Guy Westlake. Guy was a good egg. He had plenty of experience. Not having much money, Guy was never very successful in his amours, but he knew how to handle women. Especially Jen's kind.

Guy Westlake was in Mr. Thorndike's study, supposedly working. But he wasn't. He was sound asleep, and he felt extremely annoyed when Basil disturbed him by bursting rudely into the study.

"If you weren't my employer's son," he grumbled, "I'd tell you a thing or two."

"You needn't lose your hair like that," said Basil, collapsing on the edge of Guy's desk. "I'm here on business. Woman business."

"Well?" Guy's voice was hollow, his face moody. Said subject was a bitter one to him, yet he was considered by Basil and his associates an expert.

"Know Jennifer Storme?" Basil leaned forward expectantly, dropping his man-about-town veneer. "You know, that red-headed kid who used to be around a lot? Green eyes, horrible temper, murderous disposition. Murderous is right—she'd murder me willingly."

"What about her?"

Basil had no secrets from the long, lean, and personable Mr. Westlake.

"Well, you see, I like Jen and Jen's mater likes me. But Jen doesn't like me, though I don't see why. I'm not bad-looking and I'm a very pleasant fella. But you know, I've a nasty suspicion that Lady Storme, for all she's a nice old dame, wants Jen to marry me because the Guv's a famous writer, and the Stormes haven't much money, and all th-that sort of r-r-rot. P-perfectly disgusting in such fine people!" Basil was wont to stutter when he was excited, and he had turned red with indignation.

"What are you gibbering about? If you're in love with the creature, what do you care if the parents have mercenary motives?"

"That's the trouble. I think Jen knows what they want, and she won't do it. Beastly for

me." His sad tale told, Basil slid into Guy's swivel chair and stared disconsolately at the floor.

Guy appeared to be weighing the matter carefully. "I shouldn't worry about the parents. If you're so foolish as to want to get the girl, make her jealous. Jealousy works wonders in cases like yours."

Basil's face was devoid of all expression. In other words, it was blank. His monocle, which he had produced in the middle of the discussion, made him look blanker still.

"For heaven's sake, throw away that monocle. Even a mother couldn't love a son who wore one of those things!" exploded Guy sharply.

Basil's feelings were hurt. He never thought that Guy would turn on him like that.

"Oh, all right," he growled, and dropped it reluctantly in his pocket. "Now can you suggest anything?"

"Without that glass eye staring at me, I can think better," replied Guy rudely. "I said to make her jealous."

"How?" asked Basil.

"Let her see—accidentally, of course—some letters or pictures of girls you know. Maybe after she sees someone else wanted you once, she'll appreciate you."

Basil gulped unhappily. "B-But I haven't any p-pictures of girls."

"What!" roared Guy. "Good Lord! Do you mean to say that you didn't know any at school or anything?"

Basil blushing confessed that he knew one Meggie MacCleod the year before, but she liked another chap better.

Guy walked to the window and gazed into the deserted street, shaking his head and muttering.

"Young fool," he said over his shoulder, "if you'd only opened your eyes and looked around—well, we'll have to make one up."

"One what?" inquired Basil, idly turning over the papers on the desk.

"One woman." Guy covered the study in two leaps. "I'll be back!" he called and disappeared.

In an incredibly short time he was back, carrying a large photograph, which he silently held out to Basil.

"Jove!" exclaimed the boy. "Isn't she stunning!" It was a girl, one of lovely ones whose hair is the color of ripe wheat, and whose complexion is like faintly blushing eamelias. In the lower left-hand corner, someone had written in a fine delicate hand: "To the dearest boy in the world, with love."

"She gave me that," said Guy glumly, "the day before she went to Peshawur with her husband. She dashed my hopes to the ground. Her name is Elsie and she might as well be in

love with you. You don't care for her especially. I know a chap who writes like a girl. He'll write some mushy letters—from Elsie to you. Right?"

"Right!" yelled Basil joyously. "It will be a pleasure."

It seemed that Mr. Thorndike had borrowed some reference books from the Storme library, and Guy was to return them that evening, and would carry an attache-case. It would be simple to slip the picture and letters into it and take them out with the books. One might say that they were being brought from Mr. Thorndike's safe-deposit box to Basil for safekeeping. It was a very practicable plan, providing neither of the senior Stormes saw them.

All through supper Basil was in a high state of excitement. He couldn't swallow his food, he fidgeted nervously with the salt-and-pepers, until he glanced up and met his father's eyes. He blushed and grinned.

"Oh, the child's in love, Dad," laughed Eric and patted his brother's shoulder. He never knew how nearly right he was.

When Guy had gone, Basil walked around the house, and refused an invitation from Eric to go to a play. He was in a fever of excitement and anxiety. The intrigue of it rather pleased him, however. It reminded him of Vienna and Paris, diplomats and lovely spies.

The minutes crawled by. It didn't seem natural that Guy should take so long. Basil visioned him lying in some dark street unconscious, waylaid by footpads. Never had he been so worried about Guy's welfare. At ten Mr. Thorndike went to bed. Basil told the butler he could go too. Then he sat down in the great hall to wait. The house was deathly still. The soft light of the lamps made hundreds of queer shadows, and Basil sat very still in his big carved chair, scarcely visible in the dimness.

On the stroke of half-past ten, Guy let himself in with a latchkey. Basil sprang up to greet him. "Well?"

"Beautiful," exulted Guy. "I took out the things and she was all eyes, though she didn't say much. Sir Percival didn't see them. Neither did the old lady."

Basil was speechless with joy. So far, so good. Guy put his case on a table, smiling. "We'll take them out." He felt inside the case, his face suddenly blank. Basil, watching him, felt a growing horror. The picture and the letters were not there!

"I must have left them in the library—or Jennifer—where are you going?" Basil was making a dash for the door.

"After them," said Basil grimly. "Before Lady Storme sees them."

"Idiot!" snapped Guy. "It's too late. They're in bed."

"I can get in." He slammed the door after him and was off down the street, his footsteps echoing mockingly through the darkness.

At the corner Basil took a taxi to the corner of Jen's street. Then he walked slowly towards the Storme house. There were no lights there. But he would have to get that incriminating evidence.

He walked along the sidewalk, and looked speculatively at the dark windows. Unconsciously he slowed his steps, and then, with a shock, he realized that someone was behind him. He hesitated a little, feeling very criminal, and pulled his hat over his eyes. Halfway to the corner, the person behind him overtook him, and he recognized a policeman, who glanced back, and then passed on, swinging his stick ominously.

"My aunt!" murmured Basil. "You'd think I was a thief or something." It never occurred to him that anyone who loiters in front of an M. P.'s house at eleven of a misty night is always regarded with suspicion. The policeman turned a corner and Basil ducked back between the Storme house and its neighbor.

On tiptoe he approached the steps leading down to the side door. Having never been a burglar, Basil sat down on the steps to think. But his excitement prevented him from remembering where the library was. He corrugated his smooth brow, and pushed out his chin, and then had a faint idea that the library was on the second floor or something. Cautiously he tried the knob, and felt the door swing inward.

"Cook always was a careless old duck," he chuckled. He closed the door, noticing with satisfaction that it was silent and well-oiled. Then he must mentally reconnoiter.

"Door to the right, kitchen. Front, closet. Steps to the left, passage to main hall and the staircase. Nothin', absolutely nothin' to it." He turned to the left, his foot groping for the steps. Somehow he had always calculated on three, but when he found them, there were only two. It was rather tragic. He waved his foot around for the third step, and finally put it down, with the result that he fell forward on one knee. The noise sounded like a train crash to Basil's startled ears.

With some difficulty, he regained his feet, and tiptoed along the passage to the hall. A dim light from the street lamp outside filtered in, and to his horror, Basil saw someone coming towards him from the drawing room. His first impulse was to turn and run, letting the letters go hang, but his feet refused to move. The other person did not move, and Basil awoke to the fact that he was facing the mirror. With a nervous silent laugh, and admiring himself for getting this far, he started up the wide stairs. It seemed as if all the creaks in the house had centered in that staircase. At every

step, there was a hideous noise, magnified twenty times in Basil's ears.

"Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see," he murmured, and found a cold sweat on his forehead when he reached the top step.

"Nevertheless," he comforted himself, "I'm almost there, and the rest is comparatively easy. My aunt! No wonder so many people take to this profession."

More squeaks and creaks in the thickly carpeted corridor. Basil called on his aunt to witness the fact that something ought to be done about squeaky stairs and corridors. It was beastly hard on burglars.

"Eureka!" he exulted silently when he reached the library. Another well-oiled door and he was in. Never had he seen such a dark place, and he was indignant.

"Awfully saving lot, these M. P.s. Stingy lot, but I suppose you really can't expect—oof!" A chair had suddenly sprung up in his path. He sank into it, nursing his bruised shin.

"My AUNT! You'd think people would know enough to keep their beastly chairs out of people's way." He groped around and found a light. It happened to be on the long library table, which was littered with papers.

"Aha!" He began to shuffle hastily through them. No sign of what he wanted. His heart commenced to sink. A clock struck somewhere in the dim distances of the house. It had a lonely sound. Simultaneously there was a gentle click of a latch. Basil's head shot up. He stared as if frozen at the slowly-opening door. A second passed, and Jennifer stood in the doorway.

Yes, Jennifer, in green pajamas. Basil's mouth drooped open. He felt numb all over.

"Basil Thorndike!" she said, her eyes flashing. "What are you doing here, you cat-burglar!"

"Golly, Jen," managed Basil huskily, "your pajamas are ripping!"

For once Jen was scared. "Where?" she demanded, her cheeks red.

Basil said he meant they looked ripping. But you couldn't mollify Jen by compliments.

"I'm here on business," he added loftily. "Did that idiot Westlake leave some letters and pictures here?"

"No," said Jen. She sat down on the couch. "It's amazing how the sons of nice people turn out. There was Paul Markham. He was hanged." She looked at Basil's crimson ears. "And now you."

Basil was angry. "You know where they are," he accused her. "Give them to me and be quick about it!"

Jen's eyes widened. "Why, Basil Thorndike," she exclaimed. "How dare you speak to me like that!"

"I'll dare anything if you don't give me what I want," Basil shouted.

"What do you want?" she asked innocently. "These?" She held out something, her expression disarmingly sweet. Basil looked at her suspiciously, and reached out his hand slowly. Jen laughed and pulled the things out of his reach. Then she held them up so he could see them. He gasped, for "Elsie" smiled at him from Jen's hand.

"Give me that!" he choked and rushed her. Jen put the picture behind her and said, "Don't you touch me, Basil Thorndike, I'll scream!"

"Go ahead," said Basil brutally. "Scream all you want to. Only give me the picture first." Jen retreated backwards. Basil went after her. Jen stuck out her tongue. The fight was on.

"Worm!" gasped Jen, after Basil had pulled her flaming tresses.

"Hussy!" gasped Basil, removing Jen's foot from his face.

Suddenly an unmistakable sound made Basil sit up. It was a door bell ringing, when no door bell should ring. Jen, pulling her wrists free from Basil's grip, said in a dramatic whisper, "The police!"

Basil turned to her, his face startled. "Wh—what——." But he got no farther. A priceless vase, wielded by Jen's capable hands, crashed down with surprising force. For perhaps a second, he stared at Jen, and then slid to the floor.

Jen looked at him with satisfaction. "I had to do it," she said. "The silly creature." Then she went to the door, to find Guy Westlake there.

Something like a wet fish slapping his face awoke Basil, and the first thing he saw was Guy, who was hitting him with a wet towel.

"Wh—what—?" he began, stammering and staring.

"Never mind," said Guy briskly. "I came over to pick up the pieces. Just in time, too." He glanced at Jen, who as far as Basil could see, was not even sorry, let alone being ashamed.

"It was my fault," he said miserably, pressing a hand to his throbbing head. "My aunt," he added feebly, "You have a lot of strength, Jen."

"Shut up," admonished Guy. "Nobody's awake here and nobody's going to be."

Basil's exploring fingers found a lump on his head. He caressed it tenderly. "Ooh," he murmured.

Guy glanced at him and then at the defiant Jen, the last with grudging admiration, for Jen had flung a gaudy silk mandarin over her green pajamas and she resembled some brilliant bird in a Chinese tapestry. He thought quickly.

"Tell me where I can find a wet cloth for this lad's head, Miss Storme," he said. Laconically Jen directed him to the medical closet.

He walked to the door, and turned. "You'd better apologize for the trouble you've made Miss Storme," he advised, and went out.

Guy glared after him. Jen should apologize. "My aunt," he thought, "she might have fractured my skull." With this thought in mind he looked away from the girl and said in a muffled voice, "I'm sorry."

"So am I," said Jen. "Basil, did you think for one moment you could fool me with those silly letters and the pictures?" Basil pushed his face deeper into the friendly pillow, burning with mortification and shame.

"After I'd gone to school for two years with Elsie Cameron, and after I've corresponded with her ever since she went to Peshawur?"

Basil choked. He felt very young and unnecessary. Jen touched his shoulder, "Don't be silly anymore, Basil and——."

Guy returned a few minutes later, but discretely withdrew again to the gloomy corridor. "He's doing a splendid job of apologizing, I must say," he addressed a small china dog-doorstop.

"After all," he added reasonably and pleasantly, "once I was twenty-one myself."

ELIZABETH OGILVIE, 11-2.

HONORABLE MENTION.

ECHOES IN A LAND OF GREAT SILENCE

One of the greatest tragedies of this age is the extreme realism and the entire lack of "romance" in the majority of people. There are many who argue that there is no place for dreams and ideals in this world. Moreover, there are those who believe idealism to be detrimental to worldly success; that there is no after life in which to receive the benefits of our ideals. Yet if this is true, and if ideals are to be made a subject of mocking, our worldly civilization would soon crumble in the chase of material things. Thus, the highest standards of both worldly and heavenly judgment are kept alive by certain poetic and idealistic souls. These people pursue glory in the next world and fore-go the pleasures which to them are only passing. Very often these men and women are found in isolated communities, living out a simple life but keeping themselves true to their ideals. This is the eulogy of a nameless soul who lived and died in surroundings of utmost barbarity. Yet he held to his love of art, the worship of God, and an aloofness to all evil in a devotion to music. This is a true story from the notes of a French traveler.

Dawson, in the Klondike days was a maelstrom of life's cross currents. Human nature

was exposed down to its often hideous marrow by the rigors of the harsh northland.

This vigorous Frenchman whirling into Dawson's snowy alleys on a dog-team is a philosopher of great experience. Lavoire is one of the few who have seen to the very depths of men's souls. A judge in character and a man of first blood is Lavoire!

"Hi-Yum," whooped Scotty McDougal, the mail-man, as the team whipped to a gliding stand. They were a pair, these two standing before the "Delmonico Palace." Here were the educated literary man and the simple mail-runner with his rude philosophy. Every man has a philosophy in the Klondike, but none such a true one as these two, even in their extremes.

Now the pair entered the bar where they were accustomed to gaining lessons in philosophy from those around them. They entered by the swinging doors into the gaudy shack termed the "Palace." Delmonico's bar was a presumptuous establishment for Dawson and, moreover, it was constantly ahead of other saloons. It had been the first dance hall, gambling-house, lodge, and pool-room in Dawson. It had netted its owners a roll of tree-trunk proportions.

Strangely enough a piano was clinking in the farther room. This was unusual even for the Palace. Of course they had a piano and it worked, but this was probably the first time it had ever been "played." Lavoire pushed curiously through a throng of miners to the baby-grand against the bar. Piano playing was something unfamiliar to Dawson, but only the States had ever heard these Light O Peru selections rippling forth. Apparently Delmonico was trying out a prospective player.

The music seemed to have surprised others. Everyone stopped to gape at a thin, very pale man whose hands were twinkling beneath the kerosene lamps. Suddenly a huge Swede gave a drunken roar and rushed at the diminutive player. Drawing a gun he weaved a ring of holes in the wall near the player. But before he could express his thorough indignation at these unheard of notes, a bottle from the bar placed him in a state of composure for the rest of the night. Then everyone turned unconcernedly to his pleasure while the young man disappeared to choke a sudden spell of rasping coughs.

Lavoire and Scotty questioned "Fatty" Delmonico as to the identity of this strange musician.

The greasy manager swung a heavy leg over a chair: "That, boys, is the latest in Dawson's freaks. Plays high-brow like, what's his name? Chap—a—n. Plays jazz too, so we hired him. Guess he'll have to stick to jazz though or the boys will get angry."

"What's the matter with him?" asked Scotty as the blond player came in coughing.

"T. B.," returned "Fatty" laconically.

"Too bad, he's got the soul of a poet," mused Lavoire. They joined a game of faro and smoked contentedly, looking over the room now and then.

A loud guffaw resounded later when Delmonico placed a sign above the piano. Yet it was not too inappropriate for the Dawson of those days. It read, "No Shooting at the Piano Player Allowed."

During the course of his month in Dawson, Lavoire struck up a friendship with the musician, who refused to reveal his name. Often they would talk of serious things, religion, art, the literary world, science, philosophy, and they also discussed some compositions of this sick artist. Strange talk this, for a town like Dawson! Yet all manner of men found their way to this city at one time or another. This particular man was a victim of solitude, not that great mysterious isolation of the snowy wastes, but a total lack of human companionship. He had come to the north suffering from tuberculosis. He had cut himself off in the manner of the dying stag, if the simile is permissible. Now he awaited death while playing cheap melodies in filthy barrooms.

The body might have succumbed to disease but no disease could conquer the soul of the musician. He kept himself alive by playing haunting melodies, tremendous harmonies, and queer rhythms when alone in the room in the early hours. However, his coughing became worse. Kicked and tossed as he was by fate, his last spark of life flickered and waned. Yet his soul gathered itself in a fearful resistance, while the piano fairly lived under his fingers. Indeed he confessed that he had often graced many concert halls. Now, painted dancing girls would stop to wonder at the new life given to some of the tin-pan songs they were accustomed to singing. A feeling of respect grew for this creature under the roof of the sordid "Palace." The brutal, savage outcasts no longer molested him, and he was allowed to do as he pleased.

Though the rigors of the country are withstood for a time, death stalks mightily over all but the hardest. One stormy night, Lavoire and Scotty, after a meal of bacon and hard-tack, broke camp for town. They sought out the "Palace" by habit and prepared to seat themselves for a philosophic talk. Then as they watched the crowd the musician entered from a rear door.

Lavoire rose to greet him, but he was waved away. He noticed that the man, whose name he still did not know, was staggering from weakness. Yet the diseased player took his customary place and broke into "The Romany Road." The tinny rhythm soon caught a group of dancers and the floor burst into life. The notes came forth strangely as if they had no right to come from such master hands. The feeling of years was revolting in their barbaric clatter.

Then, with the suddenness of an ice locked stream crashing into the spring thaw, the piano burst into the immortal "Damnation of Faust." Its breath stopped each and every person, tough and vulgar as most were, into frigid attention. The piano, really a good one, rocked and shivered under the interpretation of a whole life's passion. In the roaring harmonies men heard, who had never heard, the voice of God crying out against evil. They heard Mephistopheles damning all creation to hell. They heard the passion of the love of Faust for Marguerite, the clash of evil against good, the power of measureless voices of angels crying out against fiery red, dancing devils. Melody made a temple of the "Palace" that night revealing life to those who heard. None could help swaying to the bewitching, seductive demon voices. You say it is incredible for anyone to lay bare men's souls in such a fashion; it could only be a miracle. Do you not think and know that this was a miracle which created such turmoil with passions? You would never have doubted the existence of a God and a devil, the power of evil, if you had heard Faust literally damned by this departing soul. This man from a far southern country was creating his eternal curse against the evil of the land, the shallowness, hypocrisy of a race. With the last chord tearing at his soul, you and I both know the finish to this glorious creature's story. No man could live after such a display of passion. Only on his death bed could any man work such wonders on a crowd of miners from all the world. Yes, he died! But it was his queer form of revenge. He was the master of his soul, and for a brief moment he had been the master of a hundred other souls.

The men of Dawson went home better men. Some drew a lesson from this episode as did Lavoire and Scotty, some will stay bad, others will become good. It does not matter, N'importe! The unknown musician has earned a place in heaven.

Lavoire, returning to France has left his memorial of this incident in a land of silence. Read it and learn more easily than you can from my words the lesson in this man's life.

JOSEPH COSTELLO, 11-1.

HONORABLE MENTION.

THE CRAZY COAL-PASSER

This is a true story, and the first time I heard it was when I was a little girl in a small, country town. The man who told it was a Greek, an ex-sailor who had served in Uncle Sam's navy for twenty-eight years, and then settled down to small-scale farming. This is the story.

During the Spanish-American War, while the American battleships were on duty in Manila Bay, two men deserted. They really did not mean to, but while on shore leave they had had too many drinks of Filipino giggle-water, and the beautiful girls upset them to such an extent that they didn't know what day it was, and much less, they didn't care.

One hot, torrid night, a week later, the searching party and Military Police returned with word that the two men could not be found anywhere in the various saloons and dives in Manila.

Three weeks later the men were sleeping on the deck of the cruiser to keep as cool as possible. Suddenly some of them noticed two black specks coming through the water. To the general amazement they turned out to be the two deserters swimming with their clothes tied on their heads. After they had been hauled on deck they were instantly clapped into irons.

During the next day the Captain went to them and asked them if they wanted a counsel, or if they would plead guilty (which would have been the usual procedure, as everyone had seen them come on board).

The first sailor, named Gibson, answered, "Sure, I suppose we'll have to plead guilty. There's nothing we can do about it, everybody saw us come on board. I suppose it means Atlanta for a good, long vacation."

Then the captain turned to Moro, the other deserter, a wise, crafty, young Italian. Moro answered the unasked question. "No, sir, I'm not going to plead guilty, and neither is Gibson!"

The captain was surprised, but asked, "Well, who'll you have for your lawyer, Chivers?" Chivers was the first officer, who had some knowledge of naval law.

"No," Moro answered, "we don't want Chivers. Everybody knows he's not so hot. We'll take the Crazy Coal-Passer."

The Crazy Coal-Passer was, as his name indicated, a coal-passer down in the boiler room of the cruiser. He was a fairly large man in stature, and strong, but his face showed signs of a recent illness, and extreme worry. He didn't associate with the men at all, but sat after his shift on his bunk, staring into space, and never reading or talking. The men called

him crazy, and he certainly acted that way. He spoke excellent English when he was spoken to, which was unusual among coal-passers.

The captain nearly keeled over. "What? The Crazy Coal-Passer? Man, you're crazy! He's a nut! He doesn't know a thing! How could he know anything about naval law? He's balmy; he's loony!" The captain forgot his official dignity in trying to express his shocked feelings.

"Yeah, I know it," replied Moro, "but I'll take him all the same. He's a good egg. I like him. Met some friends of his in Manila last week. I can't do any worse."

The captain walked out, thinking that Moro had gone batty just as the Crazy Coal-Passer had. He went to his first officer, Chivers, and told him all about it, much to that young man's delight and amusement. And, of course, Chivers told all the men he met, until it got all over the ship that Moro had gone balmy with the heat and wine, mostly wine.

Now, the Crazy Coal-Passer was a target of amusement. He had come on board the cruiser while it was on duty in San Francisco, and had been assigned to the boiler room at the direction of one of the "big shots" in Washington. Everybody surmised that he had been one of the servants to this big shot, valet, maybe.

Well, the day of the trial came. It was a hot, sultry day, with heavy clouds on the horizon, and the men expected a good squall, or maybe a tornado, they never knew what to expect in the tropics. Gibson was exceptionally nervous, and sat on his iron bunk twisting his hands and cursing women, especially Filipino women. Moro, on the other hand, was in high spirits, and kept humming a Spanish love-song under his breath. At noon, or soon after, the guards came after them and conducted them to the trial, which was being held in the captain's cabin. They were seated at a table, while the other officers and men were scattered around the room. Suddenly the Crazy Coal-Passer entered, looking strange with a clean face and hands, and best of all, dressed in clean, white ducks.

He was greeted with smiles of derision, but paid no attention to them, going over to Moro and Gibson without a word. The captain, seated at the main table, with his coat unbuckled, due to the excessive heat, and smoking a stogie, ordered the court-martial to proceed in the usual manner. He then turned toward the Crazy Coal-Passer and said, "Has the council for the defense anything to say in the prisoners' behalf?" and he looked at him with a grin that he couldn't hide.

The Crazy Coal-Passer stood up. "Yes, sir. I find that according to my intimate knowledge of naval law, this court-martial cannot proceed to day!"

"What?" The whole room gasped and straightened up, astonished. Gibson whispered to Moro, "You nut, I told you he'd get us into more trouble. Gosh, he'll be clapped in irons for insubordination, or something. What a pickle we're in now!" and he sighed, thinking of Atlanta and hard labor.

The officers all started talking at once, wondering at the audacity of this balny coal-passer.

"Gentlemen," he snapped the word out, making himself heard above the general confusion, "this trial is not to go forward until you, Captain Jones, wear a Sam Browne belt, have your coat buttoned, your shoes shined, side-arms on, stop smoking and have the proper dignity befitting your office. You gentlemen," nodding to the rest, "will not smoke, will wear full-dress uniforms, side-arms and the full regalia of your office, and will be seated according to your rank, and with the proper order and dignity. Also, the prosecuting officer will not sit next to the Captain, who is acting in the capacity of judge." He saluted and retired from the cabin, followed a moment later by the dismissed prisoners, Gibson, dumbfounded and Moro, elated.

The Captain was so amazed that he forgot to exhale the cigar smoke in his mouth. He drew a deep breath and immediately started choking. Chivers, acting as prosecuting attorney, unconsciously reached over and pounded him on the back, his eyes popping with wonder and fear. Everyone was frightened, for one of the naval laws is that when a court-martial is postponed, the reason for said postponement must be sent in the form of a report to the authorities in Washington. Of course, the captain didn't want the "big shots" in Washington to know of his incompetence to conduct a court-martial in the proper manner. The men knew this, and were wondering what the "old man" would do to get around sending that report to Washington. But the captain had some brains and he started using them. Later that day he had a consultation with the Crazy Coal-Passer, and an agreement was reached whereby the trial would be held again that afternoon.

At three o'clock the officers again assembled at the Captain's command, this time assuming a very business-like attitude. The prisoners and the Crazy Coal-Passer entered, and the trial went forward.

The prosecuting officer, with all the evidence on his side, pleaded for a conviction. The Crazy Coal-Passer's turn came to plead for an acquittal, but he announced that he had nothing to add to Chiver's statements, as they were stated correctly in every detail.

The twelve officers who comprised the jury retired, to return in less than five minutes with

a decision of "Not Guilty." When this was announced, a sigh of relief swept through the room, and the Captain's anxious face cleared miraculously.

The Crazy Coal-Passer arose, and while the room waited in suspense for his words, which were to tell whether the report of the postponement should be sent to Washington or not, he spoke. "Gentlemen, as this trial has proceeded in the proper and required manner, I feel no report should be sent to the Naval officials in Washington. Of course, the trial was postponed in the first place due to a misunderstanding on the part of the prosecution."

He saluted and left the room with a sardonic smile lighting his lined face.

The sequel to this story comes at the end of the war when the cruiser finally docked in San Francisco. A visitor's day was held, when all the friends and relatives of the sailors could inspect the cruiser.

Among the visitors were two women of evident culture and social standing who went to the Captain and asked to see Judge M. S. Sanders, renowned authority on naval law.

"I'm very sorry, ladies, but Judge Sanders is not on my ship. I most certainly would have known it if he were. I believe he is in Washington at the present time."

The ladies insisted, and finally one of them opened a gold locket she wore around her neck. The Captain looked at it, and then whispered, horrified, "Good Lord, it's the Crazy Coal-Passer!"

The Judge had been very ill for over a year, and had spent this time in a sanitarium until he got most of his strength back. Then, at his doctor's orders, he joined up with the navy, doing manual work, with little chance to use his tired brains or eyes.

And thus twelve tried and true men of Uncle Sam's Navy found Gibson and Moro innocent because they didn't want their own characters disgraced.

EDITH LLOYD, 11-6.

OLD MAN RIVER — (Concluded)

SYNOPSIS: After a record-breaking trip of adventure and hardship a band of adventurers and scientists discovered an Inca City in the mountains of Peru. Here they were captured by a fierce looking band of Indians whom they took for Incas. Yet these people spoke Spanish so that their guide was able to interpret their queer story.

"We are not Incas but Indians who have discovered this city. We are desperate men and have captured you because you can do us a service. Your guide has told us that you are

explorers and scientists. Now, as we are lost here we believe that you can aid us by your knowledge. We came here to get a treasure, which we have and are willing to share. We will tell you our story, let you explore the city, and then ask you to lead us. If you refuse, we must kill you. Moreover, you must swear to silence if we reach safety as the police of outer Peru are looking for us."

The next day the Americans, their minds still in a whirl, explored the marvels of the city and decided to help the Indians and later return. So they prepared to hear the story of these mysterious men.

"There is a monastery in our town, over these mountains, of which many strange tales are told. In it there is a cellar with a deep hole covered by swinging rocks. No man knew what was in this hole as none had ever entered it and lived. It was rumored that the priests had hidden an old Inca treasure and made traps to protect it. The secret had been lost even to the priests during the troubles of the revolution. They were unable to enter themselves and forbade others to try. But three students had entered the hole secretly and had never been heard of again. A rescue party was forbidden entrance because of the danger. Then one of our natives tried to grasp its secret and was lost for weeks. Finally, by a miracle he came out of the hole demented by some unknown horror and died in a few hours. The monks then sealed the entrance, although we since have broken in.

Then a friend of ours one day showed us a gold necklace which he said came from a vast treasure. He had obtained it from the dying man! Knowing us to be desperate men he took us into the secret to help him find the treasure.

We prepared ourselves for all emergencies. Then on a dark night we slipped into the cellar. Removing the swinging rocks we lowered a rope with a candle attached.

We were able to see for a great distance into a vast abyss, but were unable to find any bottom. After puzzling for a long time and almost despairing, we found the continuance of the tunnel. It was so well hidden that it had denied many men entrance. We discovered a hole in the side of the larger one, into which we lowered a man. Finding a passage leading from here we followed it by candlelight into a great cavern. Here our light was reflected by giant stalagmites and stalactites over a well-worn path.

Thus we proceeded in awesome silence until suddenly a great rock, probably a trap, swung open under the feet of the four men in front. We saw them vanish into an icy stream hundreds of feet below and sink from sight. It was impossible to rescue them and we had to

leave the scene. Then our horror was further incited by a glimpse way below on a ledge of three skeletons which we took for those of the ill-fated students. Our path led up almost to the roof of the cavern, and a misstep would have sent us to the same doom as that of the students.

Mapping our way so as not to become lost in this horrible place we proceeded until reaching a flight of stairs wrought by some unknown human hands. Queer writings covered the walls making us believe that we were in an Inca passage. This sign roused our hopes to feverish pitch, but as we grew more eager, progress grew more difficult. Finally we were following a torturous route over stones like cut glass which tore our shoes down to the bleeding flesh. Then our lights gave out leaving us in hideous darkness. Bats circled around us, almost driving us mad. Moreover, in the dark we became lost.

After the most horrible work and after several days of hunger, thirst, insanity, and general agony we came to light. We stumbled out into the fresh air of this bright city. We truly thought ourselves mad and it was a long time before we persuaded ourselves of the scene's reality.

Now you find us living in this marvel city afraid to attempt a return, almost insane from the unbelief of these surroundings. We feel that your knowledge, backing, weapons and mostly your equipment would help us to escape. If you do not wish it we will take your lights, hopes, and compass and leave you here to perish. It will be better for you to share our fortune. You know our story, and now if you give us your aid, we will leave you enough pure gold to make the rest of your life very comfortable."

* * * *

This story and the plea staggered the already surprised adventurers. But as their captors were giving them only a few moments for decision, they took the natural choice of leaving the city. After a great deal of preparation combined with exploration the party entered the impressive cavern. They had made up a thorough expedition which possessed flashlights, compasses, ropes, alpine sticks, guns, etc. Many of the necessary articles had been manufactured from materials around the city. Yet all these instruments and provisions were necessary to traverse this immense and dangerous cavern.

After several fearful days of the same torture, though of a lesser degree, as that of the natives they reached the tunnel's end. As they were reflecting and hoping for the end of their wanderings, they were suddenly attacked by those they had rescued. In their weak condition they were knocked into unconsciousness.

Their next memory was that of awakening in a wide field. A bag of large dimensions lying beside them was found to be gold. On the bag was a dry apology and a message of thanks for their delivery. They had evidently been attacked so that the Indians could get safely away, and so that they themselves could not return to the tunnel. They were unable to find any knowledge of the tunnel in later days and judged that they had been moved a long way from it.

Still they did not complain, but keeping their story secret, smuggled the gold back to America. Here they are now living in affluence. Thus ended the nightmare, although they intend to search for the city at some future day. Maybe "Old Man River" will call them again on the Red God's path.

JOSEPH COSTELLO, 11-1.

HONORABLE MENTION

STRANGERS

When I argued that never yet had I known a woman who was punctual, she only laughed and answered, "Don't worry, I'll be there on time." But what she intended to be on time for I never found out. For the fourth time within a half-hour I found myself walking from the waiting room to meet an incoming train on track thirteen.

As the train pulled into the station I gazed on it with a hopeful look. Before the panting monster had come to a stop my attention was attracted by a large traveling bag swung suddenly out from the steps of the first car. It pulled after it a rather small dapper looking fellow, who once getting his feet on the platform hurried towards the gate, where I was keeping constant vigil. He was neatly, but not flashily dressed in a smartly pressed gray traveling suit. As he passed me I noticed on the lapel of his coat a Commercial Travelers pin which confirmed my opinion that he was some sort of traveling salesman, probably hurrying to keep an appointment.

Noticing a movement in the group on the further side of the gate, I glanced up. As I did, there burst forth a slovenly dressed taxi cab driver, who having elbowed his way to a place of vantage in front of every one else proceeded to boom forth in a deep guttural voice "Cab, Cab, Taxi Cab," this phrase he continued to bellow forth anywhere from fifteen to twenty times in succession. In contrast to the clothes of the salesman his were sleek and his hat on the back of his head seemingly wedged on by the dirty yellow pencil which sprouted forth over one ear. Upon hearing him suddenly increase the tempo of his time-worn phrase I turned and looked up the platform.

Strutting majestically toward me like a king surrounded by his courtiers came a muscular looking young fellow, who by the battered look of his face was evidently a prize fighter coming home victorious from a recent battle. Around him hovered his worshipers who felt elated if their hero even cast them a glance. He was dressed in a flashy tweed suit; from the midst of his bright red necktie sparkled a huge diamond stickpin. Down over his forehead, from beneath his straw hat which was balanced at an acute angle hung a shock of curly hair which added a touch of boyishness to the otherwise hardened countenance of the young pugilist.

Following the fighter at a respectful distance, his round flat hat cocked saucily forward over one eye, his thumbs hooked in the top of his tight-fitting pants, and a mingled look of respect and admiration on his face, came one of the smallest portions of the United States Navy I have ever seen. As he strutted by me with his typical sailor walk, he made me think of a small Boston Terrier trotting along after a huge St. Bernard.

As I craned my neck in vain seeking the one face which would mean the termination of my long wait, far down the end of the platform I saw a negro porter lifting the bag of the last passenger. I judged him to be one of the type of eleven o'clock business men who work three hours a day and play golf the rest. He was built on the principles of a hoop. His round moon face emerged into his thick neck in such a way that one could not quite discern where his chin started and ended. His stomach was, well, — one could not call him slim. However, he appeared a jovial type of man whom one would picture as a squire in some inn of Shakespeare's time, rather than as a State Street Broker.

As the gate shut with a clang showing that all the passengers had left the train, I turned and with a sigh, started towards the waiting room. While I walked, various questions kept popping into my mind concerning the destination of those people whom I had observed, but the question that popped the loudest was one that has never been answered, "Why is a woman never on time?"

PRISCILLA CLEAVES, 9.

THE DOLLIES' REVENGE

Eveline, Arabella, and Peg were having a great discussion, seated on a large cushion where their mistress had left them when she went to bed. "It isn't fair!" exclaimed Arabella, shaking herself, "here I can scarcely breathe because she has stuck a pin right through me. It goes in at my waist and comes out at my back. She hung my sash on the bit that comes out at the back and thought it wonderful!"

"But what about me?" chimed in wooden Peg. "My master hasn't a work-basket, and when he wanted to put this piece of woolen cloth on my head for a cap, he just got a tack and hammered it in, and there it will remain until he wants a tack again, and then he'll know where to find it."

"I'll tell you what we'll do then," said Arabella, "tomorrow when she picks us up we will scratch her, so much that she will be glad to take them all out and put buttons on."

The next day when Doris picked up Eveline she suddenly screamed, "Oh, mother, see how I have pricked myself on this nasty pin! Oh, it does hurt!" Mother looked grave. "If my little girl would try to sew as mother wants her to, there would be no nasty pins, dear." Doris thought a moment and then picked up Arabella. There was another cry, and a scratch on her wrist. "Oh, mother," sobbed Doris, "they hurt me all over. Now I won't put any more pins in, I won't really! I'll start now and learn to sew, mother."

So Doris put tapes on all her dollies' clothes; indeed, she even put tapes on Peg's hat and tied it under her chin for her, and Jim was very glad, because he was wanting the tack.

JAMES SWEENEY, 7-10.

PUDJY'S VISIT

Pudjy Vanderbilt was a dear little fellow, so his mother thought, but to all others he was the neighborhood imp. Indeed he thought all cooling pies in windows were put there by Santa Claus for the expressed reason of being eaten by Pudjy. This story nearly died in oblivion when Pudjy took all the mail out of the mail box to draw pictures on. When Mrs. Vanderbilt went to call her dear son, she found to her dismay he was feeding the cat or rather trying to feed the struggling creature one of the letters. Just in time his mother snatched the now slimy envelope. "Jimmy dear," she said, for James was Pudjy's real name, "my little boy must NOT do that."

Jimmy or Pudjy as we'll call him kissed his mother and said sweetly, "No, mother dear, I must not do it again." He then bounded off to play with the "fellas," while his mother with distaste carried the slimy letter into the house and after opening it read it. It was a letter from Aunt Kathy asking James Jr., to visit her for a week.

Two weeks later James Jr. appeared before the door of his Aunt Kathy's House. After knocking, the door opened, and a butler appeared. Pudjy stopped being James Vanderbilt Junior and became Pudjy himself.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Pudjy of Jenkins, "is your shirt starched too much?" With that he boldly ran down the hall slipping on the carpets and getting mud over the floor.

He then called, "Anty, Anty, Anty." A maid appeared to try to coax him into the kitchen quietly, then Aunt Kathy appeared.

"James dear," she asked, "how are you?"

"Fine thanks, thank you I mean, but that fellow in the corner is in the way. He must have an awful stiff collar, does he?" asked Pudjy.

Within the next two days he was up to monkey business again. He painted Snowball the cat, and clipped the Japanese dog's hair all off, put sneezing powder in every cup at dinner, and arranged the bridge cards before his Aunt played a game with her club. Also, the same day, he listened behind the bushes when the maid conversed with the delivery boy. He hid in the attic for two hours while his Aunt and the butler and maids all searched frantically. The following day, (the second one), he started in the morning by putting on a skirt. He spoiled the dinner by putting ink into each dish. He shocked his Aunt by using profane words. He sassed his Uncle, and kissed the maid. That night his mother called to see her son. Her words of greeting were, "Has Jimmy been a good boy, Kathy?"

"Excellent in crafts," responded his Aunt.

The maid then appeared with Jimmy's suitcase and mother could do nothing but take him home. You can imagine her surprise.

A. GERALDINE WHITE, 8-5.

CAN YOU SPEAK ITALIAN?

My aunt couldn't and therein lies a tale. This is the story as it was told to us by her!

"One extremely hot day I left our hotel bound for a sightseeing tour of Italy. At the time we were staying at an American hotel and because of my ignorance I forgot that I would not be understood by foreigners and vice versa.

"Since the days of my childhood, I had longed to see the most important places and things in Italy. Now it was with a happy heart that I set out to discover them. I soon wandered into the little shops of the dark-colored men. Although much tempted with the souvenirs that filled the stores, I dared not buy any because of a recent warning that they would 'put it over on you if you don't know how to bargain with them.' Not knowing a word of Italian I had to quickly pass out of the stores unless my better judgment be thrown to the winds!

"I was soon in the heart of the Italian business section of the city. It was not long after

passing the restaurants that I felt an increasing thirstiness and wishing to quench this before going on further, I went in and briskly ordered a drink of some sort. It was with great surprise and a sinking heart that I heard him ramble through a long Italian speech. With disgust I left this store and went to the next one. Here I repeated my request, but was met by the blank face of the proprietor. Was I to die of thirst in this 'cold' country? Seeing that it would be useless and a waste of speech to continue with words I pointed to my mouth, pretended to drink something, held out money, and after about a half hour of such I was rewarded by seeing that the man understood. I was given a large pitcher filled with frothy contents, and although it was not what I most desired I drank the 'stuff' and departed for new and pleasanter scenes.

"What a beautiful tower," I exclaimed to myself. I eagerly went up to the entrance of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and there stood looking around with wide-eyed interest. It was not long before I was hastening up the long flight of steps to the top of the tower.

"Steps and more steps, would I never reach the top? Suddenly I asked myself why I had ever gone to the trouble of climbing up so far for a mere view of Italy. Before I had long to meditate though, I had reached the top. It was more beautiful looking at all of Italy than I thought anything could be.

"Now it was time to start homeward. I started to descend, but after going a few feet stopped and grew pale. I realized too fully why I had lost interest in the tower a few minutes ago, and now that I began to stagger and sway the horrid truth dawned on me. Yes, I was DRUNK!!"

BEVERLY RICE, 9-4.

Dear Bob:

I was, in the summer of 1930, at Camp Massasoit near Plymouth. It had been a very dry summer and the grass and trees were dried up. The smoke was first seen on Tuesday and the officials went up onto the water tower to locate the fire with telescopes. They reported that it was rapidly moving our way. In the afternoon the smoke was getting nearer and denser so Bob Winer took all the younger scouts (I was one), down the road out of the fire line. The older scouts went in the truck down to fight the fire. About four o'clock we went back to camp and they let us have a longer swim than usual. Taps were early that night.

At about three the next morning we were wakened by someone sticking his head in through the tent flap and telling us to get up and march right up to the mess hall. We had been sleeping that night with the flaps and

sides of the tent down to keep out ashes, which were falling everywhere. One could hardly see for smoke. Most of the boys had gone to bed the night before with their clothes on, but some had only their pajamas on and were forced to go the way they were. I happened to pick up my slicker which was lying on the foot of my bunk. We were taken in the truck to a field about two miles from camp where I wrapped myself in my slicker and went to sleep.

About seven o'clock I awoke to find myself in a strange field. We played jack-knife until about nine o'clock to waste time. Some ginger ale and sandwiches were brought to us. We ate them and wanted more, but that was all we could get. About eleven o'clock we formed in line and marched about six miles to the Brockton Boy Scout camp. I remember seeing standing above the other trees on a hill, a pine tree burning like a torch.

We had dinner at the camp and then rested. About five o'clock some buses arrived and brought us to the crossroads, where all our things were piled. I was unable to get a blanket into my sea chest, so I had to carry it home. We arrived at Quincy about seven o'clock with no money and three miles to walk.

Sincerely yours,

GILBERT SYME.

Dear Bill:

It was a bright but windy summer's day. Against everybody's wishes, George and I, a pair of fools, set out for Hingham and Nantasket in a canoe. The sea was whipped into white-caps. Canoe to Nantasket in a white-capped sea? We didn't give it a thought.

We shoved off the yacht club at nine with lunches stowed away stern and bow. We found the going rough. After twenty minutes of strenuous paddling one of the paddles broke. Coming ashore at the nearest point I ran back and secured another paddle. If fatalists, we should have turned back, as the broken paddle could have been used as a warning. However we were off again. The sea was nasty. The wind was a gale. It was, fortunately, blowing toward Houghs Neck. This would be our first landing place.

What could be more fun than to ride on top of a wave? It was like riding the rapids in some eastern stream. No paddling, but to keep her on top. My, but it was invigorating; laughing and singing we coasted along.

When about a mile out from Houghs Neck a strange thing happened to us, a couple of such expert canoeists. The canoe literally slid off the wave and down into the trough. We remained here but a few seconds. The next wave did the trick. Many times we have tipped

over the canoe deliberately and pushed it to shore, but this was not expected. George came up first; I followed. Naturally we each took an end and hung on. He looked at me, I looked at him.

"George, keep the canoe steady. This sweat-shirt is heavy. There goes my moccasins."

Should I swim to Houghs Neck? Then what? How about my pal and the canoe? A million things passed through my head.

A large sail boat headed toward us. We signaled with a paddle. We began to laugh. Maybe hysterical. The boat tacked. It probably didn't see us. We got cold. Now there was a thought, coldness. George couldn't swim a mile in this sea. Could I? Something should be done. George, when on top of a wave, would put up the paddle. It was a queer sensation to be down so low that you couldn't see a thing and on the next moment so high you would almost think yourself out of the water altogether.

Stripped to a bathing suit I started to swim. It was tough. George yelled to me. I turned. There dancing on the bay was a motorboat with tender. I swam back to the canoe and on to the tender. George leaped from tender to motorboat. It is surprising how weak one feels with safety in sight. The boat was first over my head, then down to my feet. I took the boat on my knee with an awful crack. I finally scrambled on when the boat was in the trough.

It was a small fishing boat with a crude cabin. Four men were there. No questions were asked. Their motor wouldn't start. However, when it did the rubber was caught. Going in circles but edging toward the rocky point we went. The tender was anchored. Too rough to get it. Finally we got ashore, and what a feeling. We had become accustomed to the incessant rocking, but now on good old "terra firma" we felt worse. We were chilled through also.

Going to the end of the point we found the canoe, up-side-down banging against the rocks. Trying to turn it over we found, to our sorrow, the sides were broken and it was just scarcely together. The end of one fine canoe. Finding friends, we were driven home..

"I told you so," was all we heard. Maybe we were a couple of fools, but on a calm day ——— etc.

Very sincerely,

DAVID BENNISON.

Dear Esther:

I had the biggest scare of my life last summer while I was sailing in a "Snowbird." Did you ever feel that everything was fine and then in an instant circumstances change, and you

find yourself in an entirely different situation? The sail boat capsized in the middle of nowhere. I say this, because we were out in Wollaston Bay, and a long distance from any of the surrounding islands. Here we were, three very frightened persons in the water. I thought the boat would sink but no, one end remained above the water. We clung to this, swimming back and forth to balance it.

Have minutes ever seemed like hours to you? These minutes seemed like years. My beach pajamas kept catching in the rigging and sails. I wondered what I should do in such a predicament. I knew I should keep calm, but how could I when I was scared and cold? I thought of trying to swim to "Hangman's Island" but it looked miles away and I never could have made it. Well, I could yell. In fact, we all yelled as loud as ever any one could. Boats passed, but they didn't see or hear us.

It is all sort of confused in my mind now, but I know now that a boy who had been a long distance away had seen the boat turn over. When I saw the boat coming, I could have cried I was so happy. It wasn't the first rescue he had made, the newspapers said later. I was grateful to him and so were the others, but we were too exhausted to let him know then.

We had been in the water between twenty and thirty minutes. I don't know what would have happened if he hadn't seen us, for no one else did. I don't think I could have hung on much longer.

Yours sincerely,

BETTY WALLACE.

THE ANTLERED MONARCH

One day last summer I was going home to supper through the woods. The sun had set and the forest was quite dark. The light wind which was sighing through the trees had brought in a fog from the sea. The ghostliness of my surroundings prompted me to whistle, but I still could hear that sighing which sounded remarkably like a moose, and consequently gave me an uneasy feeling, for it was the mating season and the bull moose were very dangerous.

As I rounded a bend in the narrow and overgrown road I saw a moose not twenty feet from me. He looked up and immediately advanced in my direction. My momentary paralysis vanished, and I ran as only one who is terror stricken can run. I might also add that I never stopped until I reached home. My father scoffed at my apparent lack of courage and told me it was probably a tree which had been struck by lightning the week before. However, I still maintain that it was a moose that I saw.

HERBERT J. TONRY, 9-4.

PUSKY, THE UNTAMABLE

Whissh—ws-wish—no it's only the stately pine trees at our home in the country making their delightful sounds which are weird to some people. Pines have a way of seeming to cool things and make the atmosphere calm and peaceful, and as the day was very hot I had lain in the hammock as much as possible. I wondered why days just had to be so hot and kept wishing someone would invent something for people to do that wouldn't take much energy; certainly not so much as the morning's golf had taken. Glaneing up the yard to the road I saw a car coming rather slowly. Almost all the ears that afternoon had gone rather fast to get as much breeze as possible, leaving a cloud of dust behind.

Unfortunately for me, I was not the only person who had seen the car. My dog "Pucky," a very cute little scott terrier only six months old, thought he hadn't been cutting enough capers for the day and decided to make a dash out of the yard to the car and have some fun. I found by chasing him that the lady in the car was learning to drive and was trying to turn around in our yard; I presume that is what attracted "Pucky's" attention. He ran around all the wheels and then between them. I thought surely that he would get run over. Then he jumped on the running board and thought he would have a ride. All this time I had been chasing the car and "Pucky" up the country road which was very dusty. The lady was going only about five or ten miles an hour so I could easily keep up to her.

Finally I got desperate and made a grab for "Pucky" and held on tight; as a result, my clean dress was covered with the heavy grease under the car which "Pucky" had gathered on his fur.

All the way home, I had chased him about a mile, I kept telling him just what he would get when we arrived. I had chased him only seven other times that day, all over the countryside.

When we did arrive home, he jumped up on a chair, cocked his head on one side and looked at me so pitifully that I just didn't have the heart to give him the good slapping he needed.

"Pucky" lived about three months longer, and without having had to be slapped.

ANNE E. SHENNETT, 9-4.

MARCH WINDS

March winds, March winds,
Sing me a song, O please!
A song of strength and forcefulness
And birds and budding trees,
Of airplanes lost in the cloudy sky
Which no man ever again may spy;
Of pearls and shells buried in the sand,
Of interesting people in far-away lands.
Blow, March winds, blow!
Sing of the wonders you so well know!
Dorothy Levangie, 8-8.

THE SURFMAN

One dark, and cold, and stormy night,
When waves piled high at sea,
A surfman stood with Corstan light,
And picturesque looked he.
A large nor'wester did he wear,
And black oil-coat down to his boots.
His torch reflected on his face
And made it all aglow.
He signalled to the boat: "Keep off!"
And to the station: "Quick! Send help!"
And oft in this way he had saved
The ship, the captain, and the crew.

Constance Dennison, 7-4.

GOLDEN ROD

On walking down a winding road,
I came upon a field of gold:
It gently swayed with every breeze,
Reminding me of summer seas,
Bringing to me the thought of God,
Our national flower, the goldenrod.

Edith Perry, 7-9.

LA ESCOCESA

One night as homeward I did walk,
I gazed upon a gorgeous ship:
Her course was straight, her sails were full,
The noise she made was understood.
As she went around the strait,
A storm approached that changed her fate.
Her gallant crew of twenty men
Was then decreased to a crew of ten.

James Donovan, 7-4.

THE LITTLE BOY

Before me sits a boy of six,
Dressed up in white and tan;
He holds an orange in his lap,
And peels it with one hand.
His hair is brown, with rings of curls,
His eyes are dark brown, too;
His chubby cheeks are rosy red
As though kissed with morning dew.

Marjorie Brennan, 7-5.

THE ANGELUS

A man and a woman were working
Under the scorching sun,
Yet happily had they been singing
Since the long day had begun.
For their hearts were filled with love
For the Saviour up above.
The bells in the distant chapel
Rang out the Angelus.
And the peasants in the rustie dell
Then bowed their heads in holiness,
Giving thanks for the departing day
And the warm sunshine of May.

Edith Hansen, 7-5.

GLOUCESTER

Look down the long and winding streets,
Follow one until it meets
Gloucester's harbor filled with ripples of blue,
In which are ships of many hues.
The wharfs are surrounded by dingy boats,
And on these boats or above them float
Tattered sails on battered masts
That give evidence of storms in the past.
Deane Phinney, 7-8.

NATURE

As I started on my Sunday walk,
I heard the brook's sweet mumbled talk;
The trees in all their beauty swayed
As the wind in the leaves frolicked and played.
The green-gold brook went babbling by,
Its running waters ne'er ceased nor dried
Through varied weather, hot and cold,
We know the story, it's so old.
It was this stream and the trees above
Our forefathers and Indians loved,
For they had whispered the story bold
Of the dangers and happenings of long ago.
Clifton Rogers, 7-9.

THE MERRIMAC

The dark gray ship, the Merrimac,
Had lost her bridge and foremost stack,
She was leaking on her starboard side,
And water rushed in like a rising tide.
The waves lashed and beat her rugged stern,
So the great giant ship her course did turn;
The world seemed lost that stormy day
As the sea rolled high and spurted spray.
Her sailors manned the lifeboats full,
While the giant waves dashed against her hull.
All was over for that dark gray ship,
For she had made her very last trip.
Robert Riddell, 7-9.

WOLVES

There came the cry of a hungry pack,
I cried to my sleeping companion, Jack,
We bolted the door and prepared to attack
The wolves that prowled about our shack.
I put my gun to a hole in the wall.
I shot, and a wolf fell with a howl;
The pack devoured their dead and went away,
And no one was more thankful than I that day.
Vincent Redman, 7-9.

THE YOUNG SCIENTIST

Over the fields and the meadows
Frank started out for a walk
With his ornithological outfit
That he had just then bought.
The sun was shining brightly,
The birds wore color gay,
Upon a stalk a caterpillar lay,
Dried up from the sun's strong rays.
Frank, stooping down to see it,
Found out that it was dead;
He put it in his little jar
And started on again.
Beatrice Montt, 7-8.

THE CIRCLE

I see a plain all baked by sun,
With sage brush here and there,
And pinto ponies on the run
With Indians all aglare.
The stamp of hoofs go thund'ring by,
And the caw of buzzards o'erhead
Unite with weird war-hoop cries
Of Indians carrying scalps of heads.
We were caught in the circle without any help,
With just vast plains in sight,
And we could hear the coyotes' yelp
Grow louder and louder towards night.
One of our men was wounded badly,
A bullet had struck his head,
He was just a mere little lad
Who had got his first taste of lead.

His worried father was there with us,
And he swore to get his revenge,
So we had a great matter to discuss
About these people who did infringe.
Finn Hanson, 7-5.

THE VENETIAN CARNIVAL

I stood on the bank of a Venice canal
And watched the golden sun.
The boats were in a carnival,
All moving one by one.
The gondolas with sails so bright
Were swaying in the breeze.
The gorgeous sun made a yellow path
Down that Venetian street.
Each side was bordered by buildings grand,
Of stone and marble white,
With here and there an archway small,
With rippling waters beneath.
And from the boats came music soft
That made sweet harmony,
With mandolins and gay guitars
Played by the gondoliers.
The boats slid through the small archway.
The sun sank in the west;
The peoples' voices drifted away,
For all had gone to rest.
Jean Owen, 7-9.

THE BOY AND DOG

One summer day I chanced to roam
Down a lane from my city home;
I happened upon a daisy field
Which something in its midst revealed:
A tattered boy and his friendly dog
Were seated at ease on a fallen log.
At peace with the world, they rested there,
With never a thought of future cares.
The world with all its storms and strifes
Mattered not to them in their young lives.
Just a daisy field and a sunny sky
Were all they asked, nor reasoned why.
And I wished that just once would come to me
Such calm, such peace, such serenity.
Audrey O'Neill, 7-9.

MARBLEHEAD

I started out one summer's day
For a pleasant sail on Marblehead Bay;
I looked round and imbibed the scene—
The sky so clear, the sea serene.
The town stood out along the shore,
Old-fashioned, full of treasure store.
There stood a very ancient fort
That used to guard this peaceful port;
I saw the white sails on the bay,
And parks where children romped and played.
The many buildings of many a kind
Are still imprinted on my mind.
"One of the best places of all," I've said,
"Is the rocky shore of Marblehead."
Robert Rich, 7-9.

SUNSET

As I trod the bank of a stream,
I paused to look over the adjacent scene:
The woods were still, so still, in fact,
That I could hear the cataract.
An ice cake cold and white passed by
And drifted from sight of the human eye.
I looked at the mountains, majestic and tall,
Their colorful shape, they gave no call.
I resumed my journey toward the East,
And left the brook in solemn peace.
Ralph Farrington, 7-5.

THE ANGELUS

Before me care-worn peasants bowed
 As in the distance bells rang loud;
 As sweet scents filled the summer air,
 They bowed their heads in humble prayer.
 The scene was very calm that day
 As those weary peasants humbly prayed;
 The sun was sinking very fast,
 Their hard day's work was done at last.
 Lois Harney, 7-5.

TRAIL BLAZERS

It was a beautiful, warm Fall day,
 The sky was coated in blue and gray,
 And far away the mountains high
 Rose upward and seemed to touch the sky.
 All was quiet except the rustling breeze,
 Which swayed the branches of the trees;
 Then from the East came a cavalcade
 That had ridden the plains for many a day.
 Dusk had gradually begun to fall,
 And from the distance came the whip'lls call;
 They stopped to camp by the river that night,
 And build their fires for warmth and light.
 Helen Gilmartin, 7-5.

THE FARMER BOY

Before me sits the farmer's boy,
 His face alight with health and joy,
 His faded shirt and pantaloons
 Show school is out this day in June.
 His faithful dog beside him lies,
 And shakes himself to drive off flies.
 But now they turn as if to go
 As darkening clouds begin to show;
 They scurry towards the dusty lane,
 Just as they reach it, down comes the rain.
 Irene Gwynn, 7-5.

CIRCUS PARADE PROJECT

The class of 7-7 has been working on the above named project. The project was so large that it was necessary to divide the class into groups.

- Group I.—Awaiting the Parade.
- Group II.—The Start of the Parade.
- Group III.—The Glorious Parade.
- Group IV.—After the Parade.

The accompanying compositions have been chosen as the best from each group.

AWAITING THE PARADE

Everybody is waiting for the parade to start. Many have been waiting for over an hour trying to get the first glimpse of the parade. Young and old watch with eager eyes the direction from which the parade is about to come. Peddlers' and street venders' voices are scarcely heard above the noisy tumult. Children hanging out of windows are being held back by their anxious parents who see that it is useless to keep them back. Small street urchins are huddled up in one corner of the street, or scampering in and out among the people. Children are begging their parents for balloons or peanuts. Balloons and peanuts are

strewn over the street. Yelling policemen, pushing people, altogether make a circus of themselves.
 LILY LANDFORS.

THE START OF THE PARADE

Hurrah! here comes the circus parade at last, with a beautiful and gorgeous lady on horseback leading it with her attendants escorting her. Just look at those policemen walking and running around trying to keep people off the streets. The mounted police are also having a hard time. Those poor policemen are wiping their brows from the intense heat. All grown up folks are certainly hot and bothered by their children which are pushing and shoving everybody including their parents. Some fathers and mothers are holding their children on their shoulders and in their arms. Peddlers are selling balloons so fast that they have hardly enough to go around. Some are yelling loudly advertising their wares. People at the windows are all excited and more windows are being raised. The sidewalks are being filled so fast that the people near the ropes are almost being pushed into the street. They are all cheering and shouting. Almost half of the crowd are throwing their hats in the air. They must have been old ones, as they may never see them again. More cheering comes and now the parade beings to show the amusing and exciting things.
 FRANCES MAMATY.

THE GLORIOUS PARADE

Heading the colorful parade were high-classed men with tall silk hats and long swallow-tail coats, riding on stately, prancing horses. Next came carriages brightly decorated, drawn by careering, swaying horses. The cowboys came next on their mustangs, spinning lassoes over their heads and doing tricks on their steeds. Following the cowboys were the Romans in the beautiful chariots. The Romans were dressed in glamorous attire. Directly back of the chariots were the charming queens sitting on their thrones. On their heads were sparkling diamond crowns. The Arabs, dressed in long white or black robes with a turban around their heads, followed on the hump backed camels. The gigantic, lumbering elephant came trumpeting down the street, led by its trainer and ridden by beautiful women. The wild beasts came next in their strongly barred cages, growling and snarling so much that it caused many little children to cry in terror. In one cage was a big lion who was very uneasy and stood lashing his tail ferociously. The grotesque clowns came tumbling down the street doing all kinds of capers. Their faces were smeared with paint. Last but not least came the puffing, shrieking caliope.

GEORGE BEEBE.

AFTER THE PARADE

When the parade passes, the people at the windows return to their daily duties. The crowds on the pavement run for street cars, or return to their automobiles. What a noise! Everyone pushing and hurrying to return to their destinations. Small boys follow the cal-

liope to the parade grounds. The pavements and streets are covered with confetti, balloons, roses, and candy papers. The cars have roses on running boards and dirty little finger marks on the fenders and windows. The street cleaners are coming to clean up what is now a deserted street.

BETTY LEVER.

*"Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right."—Hoye.*

Volume 6

Number 2

THE MANET

NORTH QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL

TRUE TO OURSELVES

Many times we read the mournful tale in newspaper or magazine of one who complains that he does not get along well in the world; he is continually mistreated by his so-called friends and does nothing that pleases anyone. He rightfully lays the blame on his personality and asks for a remedy. He is requesting a great many things, although he may not realize it.

The word "personality" is very difficult to define because it involves so many abstract qualities—disposition, character, reliability, self control, neatness and others that words can hardly express. So it is that this person unknowingly seeks a remedy for many disorders. It is possible for him to make his friends love and admire him instead of bantering him about by sweetening his disposition, thus strengthening his character. He will find, too, that he will please those he formerly vexed. Of course this suggestion might be only one tiny part of the remedy. This type of person is a valuable asset to the world, although only one man, for through him others will be influenced.

But there is another kind of person who wishes to change his personality too. This is the one who chooses an ideal to follow. The ideal person may be worthy of this recognition; it is a fine thing to have such people who can inspire and influence those not capable of discerning their own fine points, but, unfortunately, almost always in following an ideal, the person doing so destroys some of the valuable traits of his own personality. We were all made to be different. Otherwise this world would be rather an uninteresting place in which to live.

"Oh yes," we often say, "he talks, walks, acts and dresses just like Mr. Jones, but why does he appear so artificial?" He lacks a very important group of intangible qualities—personality. We have all seen such people, and they appear ridiculous to us. No matter how much we may study and how well we may think we

understand a radiant personality, it is not within our power to change that something within ourselves. It is true that we can improve good qualities and suppress bad ones, but never in this world has a field daisy been changed into a wild rose, no matter how much it has longed to. It is for what we are that we are known and loved, not for what we would like to be or try to be.

ANNA CUMMINGS.

"PEPITA"

Although our comment may be a trifle late, it decreases none the congratulations we offer those participating in "Pepita." In order to put on such an excellent production much time and energy must have been spent by cast, coaches, and orchestra in the preparation of an operetta not to be easily forgotten.

ANNA CUMMINGS.

SALESMEN

After watching many of the high pressure sales made on Baseball Tag Day, an observer remarked that North's future graduating class is not devoid of super-salesmen.

ENTHUSIASM

If the spirit and enthusiasm that burst forth both in the bleachers and on the floor at the recent faculty-varsity basketball team, were bridled within the four walls of a classroom, it would be a lively place in which to work. We vote for more of these games.

"There is no coming back on the impetuous stream of life."

At first glance this truth has a vague meaning, but still signifies something great and true. Let us try to analyze this piece of philosophy,—and what do we get? Just this: our life that we live from day to day is like a stream rolling on and on, rushing one day, calm and cool the next. The stream is moving and so is time. Just look back over a decade of years; it seems but yesterday. Travelling along the stream of life we reach a place called manhood. Sometimes we wish we were young again, but life, like the river never turns back.

ROBERT CUMMINGS, 10-4.

- Hill, Marjorie
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Hirtle, Alice
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll, Baseball.
Eighth Grade: Baseball.
- Howard, Ruth
Ninth Grade: Basketball.
- Howe, Frank C.
Seventh Grade: Student Council, Honor Roll, Basketball.
- Hume, Maybelle
Ninth Grade: High Honor Roll.
- Hurley, Norman P.
Ninth Grade: Baseball.
- Jackson, Betty
Eighth Grade: Student Council, Honor Roll.
- Jacobson, Peter
Eighth Grade: Student Council.
- Jansson, Stig
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
- Jensen, Paul
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Johns, Richard
Seventh Grade: First and Second Orchestra, High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: First Orchestra, Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: First Orchestra, Basketball.
- Johnson, Albert
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll, Baseball.
- Johnson, Beatrice L.
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll, Student Council.
- Johnson, Constance
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Johnson, Thomas
Seventh Grade: Second Orchestra, Baseball.
Eighth Grade: Baseball.
- Johnston, Marian
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Jones, Elmer
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Jordan, Margaret J.
Ninth Grade: Basketball.
- Josselyn, Calvin
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Joyce, William
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Kelley, Anna
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll, Reporters' Club.
Ninth Grade: Leaders' Club.
- Kendall, Gertrude
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll, Reporters' Club.
- Kennedy, Helen
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll, Reporters' Club.
- Kennedy, Jack
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Kennedy, Walter L., Jr.
Ninth Grade: First Orchestra.
- King, Charles
Ninth Grade: Basketball Manager.
- Larson, Roy H.
Ninth Grade: Baseball.
- LeFrancois, Gerard
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Lemay, John J.
Eighth Grade: Soccer.
Ninth Grade: Baseball.
- Lunard, Dorothy
Ninth Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
- Lester, Hazel A.
Seventh Grade: Basketball.
Ninth Grade: Basketball.
- Lindsey, Duane A.
Eighth Grade: Student Council.
- Lowell, Marjorie
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll, Perfect Attendance.
Eighth Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll, Perfect Attendance.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll, Perfect Attendance.
- MacCallum, Shirley E.
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll, Class Officer.
- MacDonald, Charles R.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll.
- MacMillan, William
Seventh Grade: Basketball, Soccer.
Eighth Grade: Basketball, Soccer.
Ninth Grade: Basketball, Soccer.
- Macomber, Mary
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Martell, Charles
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
- McCann, Mary C.
Seventh Grade: Basketball.
Eighth Grade: Basketball.
- McCarthy, Charles
Ninth Grade: Manet Staff, Athletic Council, Soccer.
- McCauley, Charles
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll.
- McGaw, Dorothy P.
Seventh Grade: Baseball.
Eighth Grade: Baseball and Basketball.
Ninth Grade: Basketball.
- McNally, Patricia
Eighth Grade: Baseball.
- Metherall, Lois
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Baseball.
- Melanson, Helen
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: High Honor Roll.
- Millen, Curtis
Ninth Grade: Student Council, Basketball, Baseball, Leaders' Club.

- Miller, Harris
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Monteith, Clare
Seventh Grade: Second Orchestra, Honor Roll.
- Moody, George
Ninth Grade: Baseball.
- Moore, Eileen
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Murray, Georgetta
Ninth Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
- Moore, Henry
Ninth Grade: Student Council.
- Murphy, William F.
Seventh Grade: Second Orchestra.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Student Council.
- Nathansin, Muriel H.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll, Basketball.
- Newcombe, Louise
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Glee Club, Reporters' Club.
- Noble, Eleanor C.
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- O'Connell, Eleanor L.
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
- O'Donnell, Frank
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
- Olsson, Robert
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Peck, Eleanor H.
Ninth Grade: Leaders' Club.
- Peck, Jane
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Leaders' Club.
- Peden, Jean E.
Seventh Grade: Baseball.
Eighth Grade: Glee Club.
- Pelton, Edith E.
Seventh Grade: Second Orchestra.
- Perkins, Richard
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Peterson, Ann
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Peterson, Edwin W.
Eighth Grade: Second Orchestra.
- Phillips, Doris L.
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Leaders' Club.
- Phillips, Myron D.
Seventh Grade: Student Council, First Orchestra, Honor Roll.
- Phinney, John F.
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Soccer
- Pickett, Richard
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Pitts, Eleanor
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll, Leaders' Club.
- Powell, Emily E.
Seventh Grade: Glee Club.
Eighth Grade: Baseball, Glee Club.
Ninth Grade: Glee Club.
- Power, Allan C.
Seventh Grade: Student Council, Honor Roll.
- Purcell, Phyllis
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Second Orchestra, Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: First Orchestra.
- Purcell, Sylvia
Seventh Grade: Orchestra, Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: First Orchestra, High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: First Orchestra, Honor Roll.
- Pratt, Mary
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Quinn, Mary
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Reeks, Charles
Eighth Grade: High Honor Roll.
- Riley, John
Seventh Grade: Basketball, Soccer.
- Reynolds, Marguerite
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Student Council, High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Student Council, Honor Roll.
- Rice, Beverly
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Rice, Marion
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
- Richmond, Betty
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Rioux, Edmund G.
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
- Robbins, Dorothy C.
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Student Council, High Honor Roll.
- Roberts, Marshall
Seventh Grade: Second Orchestra, Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: First Orchestra, High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Rooney, Joseph
Ninth Grade: Soccer.
- Rowell, Edmund
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Russell, Barbara E.
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Rydwell, Bertha V.
Ninth Grade: Student Council.
- Sands, Lincoln
Ninth Grade: Manet Staff.
- Sanford, Aurelia M.
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.

- Sanford, Joseph S.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Sawyer, Robert
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Basketball.
- Schmidt, Charles F.
Eighth Grade: Student Council.
- Schmidt, Gerald K.
Seventh Grade: Glee Club.
Eighth Grade: Glee Club.
- Shennett, Anne
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: High Honor Roll, Glee Club.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll, Glee Club.
- Shepard, Ralph
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Sherlock, John K.
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
- Smith, Minard N.
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Soccer
- Soderberg, Helene
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll, Leaders' Club.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll, Baseball, Leaders' Club.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll, Leaders' Club.
- Soderberg, Thora
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Leaders' Club.
- Solito, Rose F.
Eighth Grade: Student Council.
- Stevens, David
Ninth Grade: Basketball, Baseball.
- Stewart, Robert
Seventh Grade: Second Orchestra, High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll, Bowling Team.
- Stoner, Raymond D.
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Sutherland, Robert
Seventh Grade: Student Council.
- Swanson, Herbert J.
Ninth Grade: Basketball.
- Sweatt, Safford
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Thomas, Ruth
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Thomson, Eleanor
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Ninth Grade: Manet Staff.
- Thorn, Thomas C.
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll.
- Thornton, Inge
Eighth Grade: Wrestling.
- Thronsdon, Thelma
Seventh Grade: Student Council, Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Student Council, High Honor Roll, Leaders' Club.
Ninth Grade: First Orchestra, Athletic Council, Leaders' Club.
- Tiley, Elgina A.
Seventh Grade: First Orchestra.
Eighth Grade: First Orchestra.
Ninth Grade: First Orchestra.
- Tonry, Herbert
Seventh Grade: Student Council, First Orchestra, High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: First Orchestra, Honor Roll, Baseball, Wrestling Champ—135 Pound Class, Glee Club.
Ninth Grade: First Orchestra, Honor Roll, Basketball, Glee Club.
- Toy, Hazel B.
Seventh Grade: First Orchestra.
Eighth Grade: First Orchestra.
Ninth Grade: First Orchestra.
- Trott, Kenneth E.
Ninth Grade: Baseball.
- Twyman, Waltrude M.
Ninth Grade: Student Council, Basketball.
- West, Priseilla C.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Westhaver, Eldon
Ninth Grade: Second Orchestra.
- Whitcomb, Marjorie
Seventh Grade: Baseball.
Eighth Grade: Basketball, Baseball.
Ninth Grade: Basketball.
- Whittum, Ralph
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Willard, Irene
Seventh Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: High Honor Roll, Honor Roll, Leaders' Club.
Ninth Grade: Honor Roll, Leaders' Club.
- Williams, Clayton
Seventh Grade: Student Council, Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Student Council.
- Williams, Kathryn F.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.
- Wills, Robert H.
Eighth Grade: Second Orchestra.
Ninth Grade: Second Orchestra.
- Wipfler, John F.
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll, Basketball.
Ninth Grade: Manet Staff, Basketball, Soccer.
- Wood, Pauline
Eighth Grade: Glee Club.
Ninth Grade: Glee Club.
- Workman, Robert E.
Ninth Grade: Baseball.
- Yelland, Louis
Seventh Grade: Honor Roll.
Eighth Grade: Honor Roll.

"The trifles of our daily lives,
The common things scarce worth recall,
Whereof no visible trace survives:
These are the main-springs after all."
—Anonymous—Harper's Weekly, 1863

STEDMAN URGES TO "BUY AMERICAN"

The students here at North have heard many speakers and lecturers but none have been finer or more appealing to our imaginations than Capt. Giles C. Stedman.

Capt. Stedman is Quincy's "man of the hour." After his thrilling rescue of a sinking ship in mid-Atlantic, nothing in Quincy was too good for him.

After all his honors had been bestowed upon him I rather expected to see a seaman with perhaps a bit of a swagger and a blustering manner. You may well imagine my surprise when a pleasant-looking man in a sea captain's uniform stepped to the center of the stage after being introduced by Joseph Watson, our president.

Capt. Stedman was entirely composed but he really seemed a bit bashful. He didn't speak of his triumphs over the sea; instead he concentrated on sea life as an occupation for young fellows. Stedman urged us to "Travel American." By so doing we would make it possible for our Merchant Marine to build bigger and better ships and consequently be able to hire more American fellows. When it is possible to travel on American ships instead of those from foreign countries we should do so.

HELEN VANDELEUR.

GIRLS' ASSEMBLY

Miss Lucy O'Meara, Director of the Appointment Bureau of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, gave an enlightening and educational talk to the upper class girls last January.

Miss O'Meara's topic was, "Dealing with Opportunities for Service for Women." Miss O'Meara spoke of outstanding occupations for women such as teaching, stenography, advertising, nursing, library work, clerking, and social service work. Miss O'Meara mentioned library work as being one of the occupations least affected in the last few years; in fact, in many places it has boomed. When people have to give up more expensive pastimes, many of them turn to reading and study.

Miss O'Meara, like many other speakers, stressed the old law of the "survival of the fittest." In any over-crowded field of industry only those who are really qualified will be able to go to the top. This means that education is the prime factor, or should be, in the lives of young people today.

HELEN VANDELEUR.

JUNIOR CARNIVAL

Beginning on Thursday, February ninth, the junior grades staged a very successful carnival.

Tickets were sold which provided admission to a basketball game on Thursday, a motion picture show on Friday afternoon, and an entertainment and dance on Friday evening. The carnival was supervised by Mr. Gaize. Enough money was realized to support the junior baseball team for the season.

JAMES GUILMARTIN.

COMMERCIAL MEETING

In February a meeting was called of all commercial students in the upper grades, to discuss the various positions for which they were being fitted in high school. Mr. Jack, commercial department head, talked on accounting, stenography, and clerical work. He stated the qualifications for these positions and particularly stressed the importance of complete preparation in high school. Many of the parents attended this meeting, and they were enabled to understand more clearly the work which is being taught.

JAMES GUILMARTIN.

TAG DAY

A tag day was held on March twenty-ninth. Many pupils sold the tags, the money from which was used to purchase equipment for the senior baseball team. The two pupils who sold the most tags were Thelma Thronsdon of the ninth grade and Bill Cameron of the seventh grade.

JAMES GUILMARTIN.

PICTURES SHOWN WITH SOUND

I think that we can never really show our appreciation of the opportunities that are offered to us by our principal, Mr. James S. Collins. At present I am speaking of the fine educational moving pictures that we are allowed to see so frequently. The latest one concerned the making of chocolate from coco beans. This picture was produced with sound effects and vitaphone. The picture took us on a trip through Hershey, Pa., where the Hershey Chocolate Co. produces its famed candy. This town was started and most of the public buildings and parks were donated by Mr. Hershey, the founder of the company.

When I stop and think of the wonderful progress made in educational methods I wonder how they can be very much improved upon. When we realize that we can both see these wonderful pictures in our auditorium and hear them talk too, it seems almost too fine to be true. I think that the best way for us to show our appreciation to Mr. Collins and to the men who make these pictures possible is to co-operate with them to the utmost while the pictures are being shown.

HELEN VANDELEUR.



WELFARE SPONSORS

Standing—Left to Right—Cynthia Nichols, Doris Anderson, Natalie Colligan, Saba Foster, Priscilla Jenkins, Marjory Hill.
 Standing—Second Row—Merle Lowell, Anna Cumming, Anna Cashman, Catherine Zottoli, Mary Hughes, Marjorie Hayes, Edith Leonard, Carol Ekstrom.
 Sitting—3rd Row—Helen Vandeleur, Robert Navin, Pauline Hopey, Joseph Watson, Mabel Edgecomb. Sitting—4th Row—Arthur Nelson, Francis Mullen.



WELFARE EXHIBIT

This picture shows some of the contributions made by the pupils of North to the Family Welfare Society.

CANEY CREEK STUDENTS CONDUCT ASSEMBLY

I think that the finest assembly conducted at North this year was on April 11. The participants in the program were from Caney Creek Community Center in Kentucky.

The programme started with a short play depicting a mountain feud. There was no scenery except chairs and a table or two, but it was done so well that no extra properties were necessary.

After the drama was over each of the actors spoke about himself, the school and the community. It was most interesting to hear the description of the Center itself. There is a grade school, a high school and a junior college connected with it. This center is in the heart of the mountains where the light of learning is only beginning to shine. There are 216 pupils in the grade school, 150 in the high school, and 90 in the junior college. Of this number 195 are resident students. The students attend school eleven months out of twelve. This is so that those who have been deprived of even average study may make it up. The hours are from 8.00 A. M. to 4.15 P. M., every day, except Sunday. It was interesting to know that one of the fellows is the last descendant of the famous "McCay" family. You will remember that for years they carried on a feud with another mountain clan.

When we remember that many of the folks at Caney Creek have never even seen a moving picture, much less heard it "talk," we realize that we don't begin to appreciate our advantages.

For all of their hardships the fellows and girls from Caney Creek made most of us ashamed of ourselves; they used such excellent English, spoke so well, and bore themselves so proudly.

I was pleased to hear that the ambition of all of these young people is to educate themselves so that in time they may return to Kentucky and give to her the benefits of their own training.

HELEN VANDELEUR.

SENIOR GIRLS' CLUB DANCE

On May 26, the Girls' Club staged a successful dance in the cafeteria. Under the direction of Mrs. Frye, sponsor of the club, the tables were removed from the new part of the cafeteria which was then artistically decorated in real "night club" style. The patrons and patronesses at the dance were Mr. and Mrs. James N. Muir, Mr. and Mrs. James Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Ross, and Mrs. Frye.

JAMES GUILMARTIN.

REVIEW OF "PEPITA"

Without a doubt, "Pepita" was the finest operetta ever produced at North. It was unquestionably the "smoothest" and most interesting performance. Miss Howes, Miss Savage, and Miss Otten are to be most sincerely congratulated for their fine work as producers.

Pepita, as played by Barbara Wragg, was the title role. This part required a fine soprano voice and Miss Wragg certainly did the part justice. Carlos, the lover of Pepita, was portrayed exceedingly well by Robert Nelson, who has a pleasing tenor voice. He acted very well; so well, in fact, that I sympathized with him even when he seemed to be a bold, bad bandit. The American millionaire was given a touch all his own by Joseph Watson, who made him a very human sort of fellow with his fears, airs, and sharp weather eye that was always turned in the direction from whence emerged fair maidens. Felipa, the lovely daughter of the old Mexican inn-keeper, was played by Constance Josselyn. While Miss Josselyn has never had a prominent part in any of the productions before this one, it is believed that her voice is just as fine as Miss Wragg's. Of course they are very different, but it is generally believed that Miss Wragg will have to "look to her laurels" or there will be another star in the firmament. Jane, the middle-aged sister of the Yankee millionaire, was played by Anne Donovan. While I have always admired Miss Donovan's voice, I never before realized that she could act so well. She played her part to perfection, neither over-doing or under-acting it. She made the role of the wealthy society spinster very real indeed; and while she did not sing much, she lived up to her favorable reputation here at North. The unscrupulous old inn-keeper was to all intents and purposes the villain. Richard Sawyer made him so real that I actually hated him for the two and a half hours that the operetta lasted. The slashing, handsome, and brave bandit leader, Romero, was ably characterized by Donald Knowles. Knowles still sings as well as ever and his fine bass fitted his part perfectly.

I have purposely omitted the name of the Valet, but I wanted to give him a space all to himself. Arthur Starrat played the part of the comical servant to the Yankee millionaire. Whether intentional or not, he "stole the show." Yes sir, he walked right away with it. As soon as he walked on, holding four of his master's valises, you knew that the fun was going to begin. He didn't falter once and that is saying a great deal for a part such as his. It is quite a coincidence that "Art" is the brother of the fellow who has the lead in the "Mikado" the operetta that Quincy High staged.



CAST OF "PEPITA"

Back Row—Joseph Nolan, Edward Hall, James Young, Clifford Wherty, Jack Kennedy, Harris Miller, Frank Howe, Richard Carlson, Albert Soderberg.

Walter Anderson, Harvey Gardner, Joseph Costello, William Spalding.

Third Row—Donald Knowles, Anne Donovan, Doris Noble, Eleanor Lawton, Geraldine White, Lucy Pompeo, Anita Paragallo, Joseph Watson, Constance Josselyn, Adelaide Coupal, Harriet Maxwell, June Martin, Edith Grayson, Harriet Cleary, Betty Jackson, Barbara Wragg, Robert Nelson.

Second Row—Richard Sawyer, Winnifred Pratt, Freda Brooks, Carolyn Osgood, Hope Peterson, Anna McNeice, Marguerite Knowles, Catherine Zottoli, Marie Cooper, Marjorie Drew, Adelaide Ely, Bernice Lyford, Helen Miller, Arthur Starratt.

First Row—Janet Adair, Grace Jackson, Bettina Hayden, Ethel Redford, Maude Armstrong, Anna Strang, Mabel Stewart, Ruth Shennett, Irene Mills, Pauline Wood, Thora Soderberg, Lillian Lewis, Louise Newcomb.

The chorus and ballet did an excellent piece of work and Adelaide Coupel did a beautiful solo dance. The audience applauded loudly when she gave an encore.

The whole school is proud of the cast and chorus and we congratulate them on the finest musical production of the year.

Candy Girls—Elizabeth Andros, Marjorie Hayes, Pauline Hopey, Mary Hughes, Alma Libby, Madeline Mara, Catherine McLain, Muriel Nelson, Edith Nicholl, Eleanor Pompeo.

Ushers—Arlon Huzzy, Robert Eberts, Richard Gould, George Hampton, Paul Jenkins, Charles Hitchcock, Malcolm MacDougall, William Marland, Joseph McWeeney, Arthur Nelson, William Sullivan, Robert Smith, Gordon Tabor, Arthur Young.

Director—Maude M. Howes.

Music—Bernadine C. Otten.

Dramatics—Betty Savage.

Costumes—Mrs. Bethel Ross.

Posters—Marjorie White.

Scenery—Walter Warriner.

Ushers—Frank Bridges.

Candy—Mrs. M. Frye.

Orchestra

First Violins—Nancy Bray, Eleanor Burt, Carol Eckstrom, Pauline Ekdahl, William Frye, Mary Gilmartin, Ruth Kennedy, Elizabeth Wilcox.

Second Violins—Gerald Cameron, Robert Ferruccio, Richard Johns, Paul Weden.

Third Violins—Martha Haddow, Floyd Henry, Eileen Walsh.

Violincello—Mrs. Hildegard Berthold.

Double Bass—Thelma Thronsen.

Flute—Margaret Duncan, Robert Keith.

Clarinet—Ruth Nickerson.

Saxophone—Walter Kennedy.

Trumpets—Clarence Stevens, William Thomas.

Horns—John Moyes, Francis Tatro.

Trombone—George Reinhatter.

Drums—Lila Smith.

HELEN M. VANDELEUR.

"CRACK" SECRETARIES

On May 12, the girls in the senior commercial group and those interested in commercial work, were given the opportunity of learning more about commercial vocations.

Miss Heywood of the Catherine Gibbs Secretarial School of Boston, Providence, and New York, spoke to the girls about the requirements necessary to a good secretary. Miss Heywood has just returned from New York where, through talking with prominent business men, she found out what the average man expects of his secretary in the way of personal requirements.

Out of fifty-odd votes those coming first in order of importance were: native intelligence and initiative; a fine personal and educational background; an attractive and pleasing personality; a well-placed and well-modulated voice; and health. Each of these subjects covers a wide field, but they are all extremely necessary in the making of the "crack" secretary.

As in all fields, that of the job of secretary (by this I mean a good private secretary), is

very much overcrowded. Of course this means that only the fittest may survive.

In order to find the vocation for which one is most fitted Miss Heywood suggested taking an aptitude, not intelligence, test. These tests show how one rates in a field of six or seven aptitudes, in comparison to about 10,000 other girls of the same age. It is usually wise to choose as a vocation the one in which one may make use of her most outstanding aptitudes.

Miss Heywood seemed to have a very pleasing personality herself. She was dressed very smartly, but appropriately, in a dark blue suit. Her voice was well modulated.

HELEN VANDELEUR.

MEMORIAL DAY

"They did not go to die for their country; they went to live for it," said Commander Edward DeBruyn of the Wollaston Post of the American Legion. He also emphasized the fact that modern preparedness should be carried on but only so that, because of it, war would be avoided. With a message such as this ringing in our ears, is it any wonder that we look forward to hearing from Commander DeBruyn again?

Adjutant John McGowen of the John A. Boyd Camp of the Spanish American War Veterans was next to speak. He mentioned the significance of his uniform of blue and gray. Think of it! The North and the South united forever in the common cause and for the good of the greatest nation in the world. Is it not a stirring thought?

These two men are honored and respected by all of the people in our city and richly deserve all the tributes paid them. But oh, what tumultuous applause when Department Commander Bishop of Post 88 of the Grand Army of the Republic arose. The school stood to pay tribute to this man. It clapped and applauded till the roof fairly shook. And what a figure Commander Bishop made as he stood on the stage. Tall, straight, and soldierly looking, he was truly symbolic of his organization. I was sitting in the front row and I could see his eyes gleam, he seemed so alert, more so than many men half his age, with whom I am acquainted.

Commander Bishop's message carried a theme of hope and cheer. He said that we are gradually progressing toward a standard of really happy living. Commander Bishop believes that the younger generation will keep



A section of the Art Room with work representing Grades 7 to 11, under direction of Miss Smith and Miss White



An exhibition of shop work under the direction of Mr. Warriner and Mr. Phillips

America safe and happy. Soon they will make this country "what our comrades back in the Grand Army fought to perpetuate." Commander Bishop said that we are becoming more civilized and that the late depression was only a "war against stupidity."

Commander Bishop's voice was firm and steady. Commander Bishop believes heartily in the younger generation; the students of North will always remember his message to them and love him for it.

HELEN VANDELEUR.

The advertising staff, under the direction of Miss Helen Burns, deserves commendation. The success of any number depends to a great extent upon this group. Since the names will appear in no other place in this issue, we mention them here: Mabel Macdonald, George Wanzer, Karl Pebler, Malcolm MacDougall, Nancy Bray, Alice Calnan, Mary Cassie, Robert Ferruccio, Thomas Ferris, Eleanor Thomson, Lincoln Sands. Stephen Putnam and Wilfred Bettony assisted during the latter part of the semester.

*"For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."*
—Madeline Bridges

ARCHERY CLUB

Archery at North was given a new impetus with the coming of Mr. Baker, expert archer and representative of the Tepee Archery Tackle Company. An excellent shot, he set a high standard for us to reach. In the fall, with his help, we hope to extend archery to the entire student body.

JANET ADAIR.

ART CLUB

The Art Club has taken two interesting trips this semester, in addition to their work in club period. The first trip was to the Art Museum where Miss Maginnis showed them some of the treasures of the museum. The ship models were particularly interesting. During the last meeting a group went to Fenway Court, the Gardner Museum. There they were delighted with the colorful garden.

JANET ADAIR.

BLOCKPRINTING CLUB

Each member has been allowed to work at her own rate of speed through the year. Calendars, Christmas cards, handblocked notebook covers, and individual initial stamps have been made. Designs for these were first cut out on blocks of linoleum, the surface of this design covered with oil paint, and then stamped on paper or cloth.

BOOK BINDING CLUB

The second half of the year has been devoted to actually binding books. Such useful articles as autograph books, address books, photograph albums and letter cases, have been made by various members.

THE CHESS CLUB

The purpose of the club is to develop patience and logical thinking.

The club is divided into two classes, first and second. The first class is composed of experienced players, while the second class consists of newcomers to the art of chess playing.

The winners of our chess tournament each semester were: John Alexander, Billy Macomber, and Raymond Stoner. They received prizes bought with the money collected in the form of dues. The winners so far during this semester: John Alexander in class one, and Phillip Navin in class two.

MARY MACOMBER.

DEBATING CLUB

This club prepares the boys and girls to have more self confidence and to use better English.

The members recently went to Woodward Institute to hear a debate between New Hampshire and Boston Universities.

THE EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL CLUB

Another organization, combining business and pleasure, has visited this term the Edison Plant, the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, several museums and other important industrial factories not mentioned. They plan to end up the year by witnessing a baseball game in Boston.

JANET ADAIR.

GIRL RESERVES

The Girl Reserves are a junior division of the Young Women's Christian Association, standing united in friendship with girls and women of all nations, finding and doing new and old things which make the life of a girl worthwhile. They interest themselves in such things as athletics, hobbies, music, plays, literature, and needlecraft. Their aim is "To find and give the best."

WINIFRED PRATT.



CLUB EXHIBITION



A few examples of the work done by the dressmaking classes and the Dressmaking Club.

THE KNOW YOUR CITY CLUB

The Know Your City Club during the course of the school year, has visited practically every interesting industry and site, in the city of Quincy. A few of the places covered this semester have been the "Quincy Evening News," the granite quarries, Faxon Park, the Thomas Crane main library, St. Moritz, the police station, and Germantown. The members have all had both enjoyable and instructive meetings, so here's to the continuance of the club.

JANET ADAIR.

LEADERS' CLUB



First row, front: Hilda Goldberg, Mary Dolan, Dorothy Rooney, Mary Downs, Benita Hennessy, Marion Kelley, Thelma Fox.

Second row: Doris Phillips, Lillian Larsen, Helen Soderberg, Betty Marston, Merle Lowell, Priscilla Jenkins, Irene Gillard.

Third row: Anna Kelley, Thelma Thronsdon, Nancy Bray, Thora Soderberg, Lorna Keith, Eleanor Sherman, Dorothy Stebbins, Eleanor Peck.

The object of the Leaders' Club is to train for leadership and to supply an extra period of gym for the pupils.

The purposes of the exercises are to give mental relaxation from studying, to give physical relaxation to the body and to increase the circulation of the blood.

Leaders' Club meets each club period to practice giving commands. During the latter half of the period, the club plays games.

Each day the leaders go to their classes for ten minutes at the end of the second period. They teach the exercises to the best of their ability.

BETTY MARSTON.

HI-Y CLUB

The officers of the Hi-Y Club for this year are: Russell Urquhart, president; Arlon Hunssey, vice-president; James Guilmartin, secretary; and Charles Hitchcock, treasurer. The club is sponsored by Mr. James Hardy of the Quincy Y. M. C. A.. Last fall the club gave a successful moving-picture show for the benefit of athletics. The Hi-Y boys also aided in the welfare work which was carried on during the

Christmas season. Next year the club hopes to establish an accident insurance fund for all injuries incurred in athletics.

JAMES GUILMARTIN.

THE JIG SAW PUZZLE CLUBS

The Boys' Jig Saw Puzzle Club has seventy-seven available puzzles that have been presented as gifts at various times by members, or bought from the club dues. These may be borrowed free of charge by pupils desiring to do so.

The Girls' Jig Saw Puzzle Club is a new organization in the school and because of this fact, did not appear in the former "Manet." The officers are: Emily Powell, chairman, and Ruth Irwin, librarian. Both clubs have the same object, which is—constructive use of leisure time.

JANET ADAIR.

MOVING PICTURE CLUB

The boys in this club are divided into four crews; namely: the instructing, program, repair and advertising. The instructing crew teaches the boys in the club how to run the machines; the program crew selects the pictures to be put before the club for a vote to see what pictures are to be presented at the next show; the repair crew overhauls and repairs the machines; the advertising crew advertises the pictures given in our auditorium.

WINIFRED PRATT.

MOVING PICTURE OPERATORS' CLUB



MOVING PICTURE OPERATORS' CLUB

Left to Right—Row 3—Miss Flavin, James McLellan, 8-4; Donald Kent, 10-1; Stephan Putnam, 10-2; Wallace Bixby, 8-2 (not in picture).

Left to Right—Row 2—John Hermistone, 8-2; William Crossman, 10-6; Edward Burns, 8-4; Warren Devaney, 10-2; Robert Rupprecht, 9-9; Stanley Hauck, 9-6.

Left to Right—Row 1—Paul Jensen (President), 9-2; Alan Power (Vice-President); Arthur Winnett (Secretary), 10-1; Everett Pope, 8-1.

LIBRARY CLUB

The members of the Library Club voted to have it as a reading club. One trip was taken outside of school to the Boys' and Girls' House of the Thomas Crane Public Library, where Miss Kingman showed the visitors the attractive new library.

JANET ADAIR.

MINSTREL MERIT BADGE CLUB

This club is based on the Girl Scout musical badge. Those who will receive their badges at the Scout Rally, June 2, are: Ruth Wilson, Edith Bright, Mabel Hagerstrom, Barbara Lyman, Ruth Weymouth, Esther Rawson, Graee Willy, Marjorie Aylward, Edith Boutillette, Marjorie Jefferey, Dorothy Therry.

WINIFRED PRATT.

REPORTERS' CLUB

A group of pupils who are deeply interested in reporting are in this club. They gather all school news for both the "Quincy Evening News," and the "Quincy Patriot Ledger."

WINIFRED PRATT.

SHORT STORY CLUB

The Short Story Club tells, reads and writes short stories. At one of the recent meetings it was voted that Lawrence Craddock told the best stories during the second half of the year.

JANET ADAIR.

THE STAMP CLUB

The Stamp Club, sponsored this semester by Miss Gomely, meets each week to trade and discuss stamps. The members have some splendid collections.

JANET ADAIR.

"By sports like these are all their races beguiled."—Goldsmith

PATTEN WRESTLING CAPTAIN

"Kenney" Patten, 115 lb. star of the wrestling team, was elected captain by a unanimous vote of the squad. Patten has been on the team for the past two years and succeeds Arlon Hussey. He is a consistent winner and well liked by the boys.

KENNETH DOWD.



Top: Mr. MacDonald, coach: Arthur Young, Samuel Christopher, George Porter, Ralph Mettler, Harry Taylor, Henry Patstone, manager.

Middle: Russell Doucette, Lothrop Smith, George Bailey, William Feurtado, George Johnstone, Charles Calderwood, John Connors.

Front: Ralph Patten, Robert Smith, Arlon Hussey, captain: Kenneth Patten, captain-elect: John Paulson, John Begley.

NORTH TAKES SECOND PLACE IN LEAGUE

North Quincy's wrestling team had a splendid season this year, coming to second place out of five competing schools. North has had wrestling for only two years; nevertheless, she has a fine record. Her success has been due to the excellent coaching of Mr. McDonald and the ability, training, and co-operation of the

boys. The fellows have shown us what they can do, and next year we expect to see even better results than we have this year. North had six victories, two defeats and no ties. She won over Watertown, Weymouth, Needham and lost to Quincy High.

QUINCY HIGH WINS OVER NORTH QUINCY

North had two meets with Quincy High, both of which were won by Quincy.

First game—Quincy High, 36—North 0

Second game—Quincy High, 28—North 8

NORTH TAKES WATERTOWN

In the two meets with Watertown both were won by North.

Watertown, 13—North, 25.

Watertown, 16—North, 28.

WEYMOUTH LOSES TWICE TO NORTH

At the end of the first meet with Weymouth the final score was Weymouth 10, North 35. In this meet Pare of North made the shortest fall of the season in 35 seconds. In the second meet the final score was Weymouth 12½, North 23½, at this meet Calderwood of North wrestled to a draw with Petzi of Weymouth after twelve minutes of hard wrestling. This was the longest match of the season.

NORTH WINS OVER NEEDHAM

North won her first meet with Needham by a forfeit in the 165-pound class when Needham's man injured his knee. The result of this meet was North 18, Needham 14. Our second meet with Needham was the last in our season. This meet we won with the result North 20, Needham 8. The boys did splendid work, and were pleased at finishing the season so well.

INTRAMURAL WRESTLING

This year we had several boys from the seventh, eighth and ninth grades out for the intramural wrestling. These boys were coached by the members of the varsity team, under the supervision of Mr. McDonald. After three weeks of practice, the intramural tournament commenced, finishing with the following results: There were four winners in the ninth grade, three in the eighth, and two in the seventh. The winners and weights are:

65 lb.—William Dunn	Grade 7
75 lb.—Joseph McShane	Grade 7
85 lb.—Robert Fallon	Grade 8
95 lb.—Willard Bartol	Grade 9
105 lb.—Leo Doyle	Grade 8
115 lb.—Tony Del Gallo	Grade 8
125 lb.—Arthur Hewitt	Grade 9
135 lb.—Herbert Tonry	Grade 9
145 lb.—Charles King	Grade 9

ARLON HUSSEY.

Basketball

TAUNTON WINS OPENER

Coach "Curly" Rogers' battling North Quincy High School court team struck a snag in their opening tilt when a classy Taunton aggregation knocked them off 45-38, on the Taunton floor. It was a close battle all the way with Taunton edging through on her ability to pop the leather through the hoop at the most critical times, and by her ability to take advantage of North's few mistakes.

Although never more than 5 baskets in the rear at any time during the ball game, the Northerners didn't have the necessary push to counter when they needed it most and that was what sent them to defeat.

Taunton sprang into an early lead when she was up 9-1 by the end of the first period, increased it to 25-15 at half-time and were in front 33-27 at the three-quarter mark. The game was very fast and rough, although some really excellent basketball was displayed by both teams. Three men were "bounced" during the course of the contest for committing 4 personal fouls, "Cracker" Cooke and "Peanuts" Ryan from North, and Hospit of the homesters.

"Tom" Ryan and "Te" Mitchell were the outstanding men on the floor. The 125-lb. Ryan, who stands but a few inches over 5 feet, and Mitchell, the 6 foot, 1 inch center, certainly gave the crowd a run for its money. Both were demons on the defense and both popped in 10 points to lead North on the offense. O'Brien, flashy Orange and Black forward, walked off with the high scoring laurels, tossing 15 points through the hoop. Conley and Hospit also looked good for Taunton.

The 2nd team also took one on the chin, 18-15, despite the valiant efforts of Cody and Mathurin.

QUINCY TOPS NORTH 24-21

In the first major athletic contest between Quincy's two high schools, Quincy High and North Quincy High, the Blue and White carried off first blood by toppling "Curly" Rogers' weak scoring North Quincy team 24-21, on the Quincy floor.

The LeCain-coached club's main mode of attack was a long, down-the-alley pass that North could seem to do nothing with. "Toots" Nousio was the chief recipient of these tosses and Mr. Nousio personally conducted 10 points through the meshes. Lloyd Craig was also quite an "itch" to the Northerners.

"Te" Mitchell, as in the Taunton game, was the outstanding man on the floor, Mitchell was high scorer with 13 points and was the best defense player on either club.

The North seconds partially atoned for the varsity defeat by taking the Quincy scrubs over the bumps, Fay and Cody were the bright lights.

FIRST VICTORY

In a somewhat drab and listless contest in the North gym, the Rogers-coached clan from North Quincy waltzed to an easy 20-9 win over the Quincy Trade quintet. The seconds too, came through with a victory, winning 17-6.

About the only good feature of the tilt was "Te" Mitchell's play at center. "Mitch" copped 9 points and his defence play was the best displayed all day. "Red" Smith looked good for the Tradesters.

Although North won, they had little to be proud of as their passwork was very ragged and their shooting anything but accurate.

The second team had a comparatively easy time of it; Cody, who was high man with 8 points, was enough to beat the Trade single-handed. The game was plenty rough, although only one man was given his walking papers, three Tradesmen were banished in the main bout, however.

TWO IN A ROW

Coach Rogers and his boys rang up their second victory in a row when they took Hingham into camp by a 25-18 count, after a 3 minute over-time session on the Hingham court before a good crowd. The seconds chalked up one more for their string, when they ran wild in the last half to win by a 35-18 count.

The main go was a thriller all the way with only a last-minute foul shot by "Red" Hickey, Hingham guard knotting the score at 18 all. Hingham led 6-4 at the quarter, 12-8 at the half, 13-12 at the third period and were trailing 17-18 when Hickey popped in his equalizer. In the over-time stanza the Northerners broke loose and tallied 7 points in 3 minutes. "Te" Mit-

chell, North's scintillating center, scored 5 of the 7 points, "Bat" Nelson accounting for the other 2 in the extra chapter.

Mitchell played a superb game at center, capturing 15 points for high scoring honors and playing a splendid all-around game. Terry, Hingham guard and Donahue, who captains the Red and Black, stood out for the home team. Terry was a particular thorn in the winner's side, scoring 10 points, more than half his side's total.

The second team, after trailing in the first half, suddenly came to in the latter periods and tallied 24 points to jump way out in front. "Sonny" Fay, North's red-headed guard was the big marksman, snaring 14 points.

REVENGE OVER TAUNTON

North evened up things with Coach "Morrie" Cohen's Taunton High outfit when they took them over the bumps 24-14, before a large gathering in the North bailiwick. The game was hard-fought all the way through and presented numerous thrills.

With the score 9-8 against them going into the final round, North suddenly came to life and in a blistering rally that had Taunton befuddled, swept the Orange and Black off their feet and scored 15 markers which was plenty to tuck the ball game away.

Mitchell again was immense; "Te" scored a total of 12 points and was phenomenal in stopping Taunton attacks. In the final period he dropped in 11 of the 15 points tallied by North and with the help of Walter Joly only let 3 field goals trickle through the Northerner's strings. Walter Joly played his usual steady game at guard, and although not so flashy as some of the others, turned in more than his share of work.

The prelim was a hotly contested affair, the teams being stalemated 2-2 at quarter time, and 6-6 when the half was over. North was in front 10-8 when the 3rd period finished and in the last chapter went ahead to win 17-11. Mathurin with 5 points and McLeod with 6 were North's big gunners, while Bliss and Kulas were Taunton's shining lights.

FOUR STRAIGHT

By knocking off the Weymouth High quintet 18-10, at Weymouth, Coach Rogers' North Quincy team ground out its 4th win in a row after a bruising battle. The North seconds had their five game win streak broken when the Maroon and Gold reserves came through, 10-9.

Right from the whistle the main fracas started to get rough and when the final period ended it was found 31 personal fouls had been called.

North was in the lead all the way and had the game well in hand throughout.

"Cracker" Cooke, clever forward, and Walter Joly were the big noises for North, with Higgins looking very special for Weymouth.

"Bob" Murray, second team guard, had a chance to tie up his game in the final seconds when he was awarded two foul shots with North two points in the rear. "Bob" clicked once, however, and it was curtains for the scrubs.

NORTH, 14; HINGHAM, 11

North Quincy chalked up an unimpressive 14-11 win over Hingham High at the North gym for their 5th straight win. The seconds also cashed in with a victory, 23-8.

The main clash was poorly and loosely played, although North was much more superior than the score indicates. Neither team could sink a decent percentage of their shots and North was especially guilty here. Shot after shot, the Blue and Gold rained on the Hingham citadel, only to see them fail to drop.

Cooke and Joly along with "Bat" Nelson starred for North with Rickey and Capt. Donahue best for Hingham.

"Sonny" Fay was the big shot for the reserves. "Sonny" netted 13 points, enough to beat Hingham single-handed.

WATERTOWN BUMPS NORTH 22-14

The big Watertown High hoop team rode to a 22-14 win over North Quincy in the Watertown gym and also snapped the Quineyites 5-game win streak.

Missing too many baskets, again was North's trouble and the thing that licked her. Watertown, to be sure, swished a couple of a decided horseshoe variety, but she also didn't miss any that were coming her way and it was by this she won. North passed circles around her opponent, but that was as far as she got, because under the basket she was lost, and that is why North was beaten, told in a nutshell.

SCRAPPY MILTON TEAM WINS

A fast, scrappy Milton High School court team kicked over the dope bucket in the Milton gym and topped North 28-25 after a tight game. There was no second team contest.

Handicapped greatly by the cramped quarters of the Milton court, North couldn't seem to hit the gait that won her 5 games in a row and made a clever Watertown team sit up and take notice.

A curly-haired kid named Baker was North's biggest trouble in this game. Baker scored what proved to be the winning counter in the final period and generally made a nuisance of himself to North.

NORTH TAKES WATERTOWN

By staving off a last minute rally that fell just 4 points short, Coach "Curly" Rogers' smooth-clicking North court team evened up their series with Watertown by turning back the Red and Black horde 13-9, in the North gym. The Blue and Gold seconds got taken again, this time by a 21-7 score.

The main game was a great exhibition of defensive basketball with North carrying off the honors. North held the sharp-shooting Watertown clan to a lone field goal and were up 9-2 at the end of the half.

"Sonny" Sheehan and "Red" Gough were Watertown's stars while North Quincy was just one unit with no exceptional men.

The Red and Black seconds had things all their own way and won handily. Tony Montenuoto was outstanding for Watertown, while Mathurin looked good for North.

WEYMOUTH UPSETS NORTH

In a fast, hectic game on the North floor, Coach Fred Kennedy's classy Weymouth High team evened up its score with the Rogers-coached team when they won 14-13, before a packed house. The Weymouth scrubs made it a perfect day by tipping over the North reserves 19-10.

The big clash was a beautiful, fast ball game, although plenty rough in spots. North's old bugaboo cropped up again, and she missed a pile of shots. The tilt was tied a 7-7 at the half and Weymouth was in front 14-11 when the 3rd period finished. Walter Joly dropped home the only two points of the stanza with a pretty field goal and Captain Nelson was in all alone for a shot that would have won the ball game, but Nelson just couldn't connect.

For North, Mitchell and Cooke stood out like sore thumbs, and "Jocky" Sjostedt was Weymouth's high light.

The Weymouth seconds had an easy time of it and were never in danger of being beaten.

NORTH WALLOPS TRADE

North Quincy picked up an easy win in the Quincy High gym when they took Trade 22-10, the second team also triumphed 13-7.

"Cap" Bryan scored 7 points to lead the way and a great North defense smothered the Trade attack at all stages of the game.

McLeod starred in the second team game.

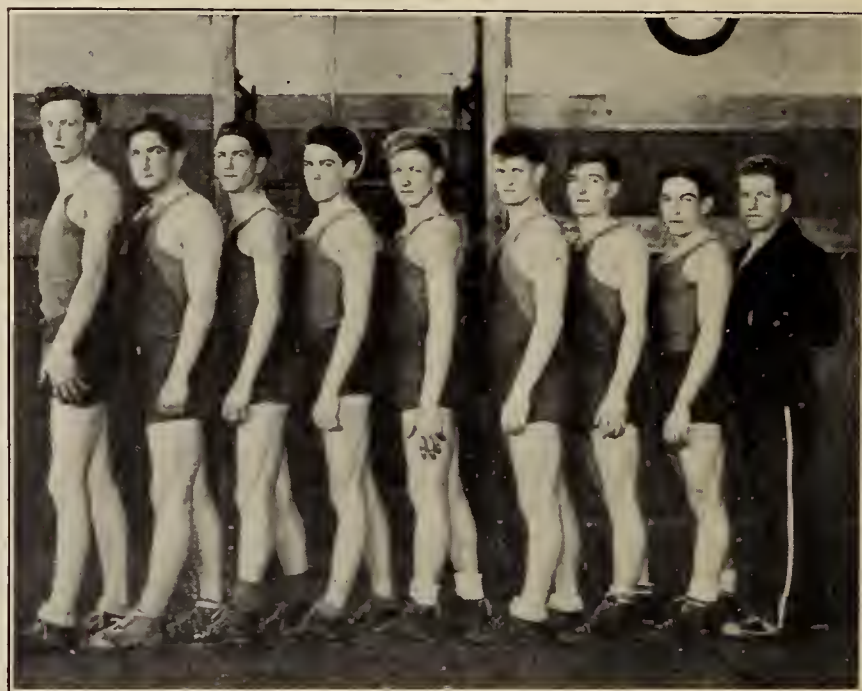
SMOTHER PEABODY 43-29

As a warm-up for the Quincy game, North went on a scoring spree on her own court to down a big Peabody team, 43-29.

"Te" Mitchell came back to form and netted 21 points for his day's work, while Walter

Bryan swished 13 points to be second in the scoring column. Captain Gneso and Gawzawski were best for the losers. Peabody was dangerous all the way and showed marvelous scoring powers, but a nice North defence held them in check fairly well.

Peabody won the second team game 10-6, getting the victory handily. McLeod was the only Northerner to score, getting all six points. Mienschuch was the Peabody star.



BASKETBALL TEAM

George Mitchell, captain-elect, c.; Walter Bryan, r. g.; Walter Joly, l. g.; Philip Leadbetter, f.; Arthur Nelson, captain, l. g.; Norman Reilly, r. f.; Richard Cooke, l. f., Thomas Ryan, g.; Mr. Rogers, coach.

NORTH CRUSHES QUINCY 19-13

By unleashing a beautiful display of basketball that netted them 14 points in the first half, and then holding off a savage rally by the LeCain-coached club in the final periods, Coach "Curly" Rogers' North High team tipped over a battling Quincy High unit 19-13 in the North gym. The Quincy fans received some consolation, however, when the Blue and White seconds tacked a 19-6 defeat on the North scrubs.

The win, the sweetest morsel North tasted all year, set her on even terms with the older school. The first two periods were what sounded the death knell for LeCain's charges. Starting right at the whistle North forced the play into hostile territory and there it remained the greater part of the first half. A smooth-passing, close-covering North team were up 7-1 at the quarter and 14-2 at the half. The second half LeCain had his famed sophomores pitted against the Northerners and they looked far better than his first team.

Starting right in, where he left off in the Peabody game "Te" Mitchell again walked off with the honors. On the defense he was superb while he gained high scoring laurels with 8

points. "Cap" Bryan was next with 7 points and "Cracker" Cooke scored the other tallies. Captain Nelson and Walter Joly also played good games.

For the Blue and White, the sophomores, especially Vic DeGravio, were nice. DeGravio grabbed 6 points for himself and played a fine all-around game.

The second team game held little interest for the throng, although the North team, minus two of its regulars, Cody and Murray, surprised the fans by being up 7-4 at half time. The Bowyer-coached clan came back, however, and quickly wiped out the lead.

VARSITY DEFEATS FACULTY

In a hilarious comedy, called a basketball game, the North Quincy High hoopsters downed the Faculty Five 34-12, after a riotous battle before close to 600 fans. In another tilt, the teachers gained back their dignity when the women's team gained a 31-24 decision over the girls' varsity.

The boys' game gave the fans a laugh from the time "Curly" Rogers came onto the floor skipping rope, wearing a pair of red mittens, bloomers, middy blouse and a handsome painted "shiner," until the Faculty in their motley assortment retired.

As far as basketball went, the varsity was far superior as the score shows. The boys were 4-1 at the quarter, 9-2 at midway, and 15-6 when the third period closed. The Faculty, however, made the comedy and provided the entertainment which the audience accepted with glee.

Teachers taking part were: Mr. Rogers, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Call, Mr. Donahue, Mr. West, and Mr. MacDonald.

GOLF TEAM FORMED

After untiring efforts, Headmaster James S. Collins secured the Wollaston Golf Club one day a week for Coach Jack Donahue and his North Quincy Golf Team, who are now down to the serious business of playing matches.

In their first match, North bit the dust at the hands of a much more experienced Quincy team, 12-0, but came back in the Peabody match to lose only 6-3. An eight man team played against Quincy, while only a six met Peabody.

To date "Ken" Cody seems to be the best golfer on the team. Cody and "Cracker" Cooke scored North's first point in this sport when they won the outward nine from their Peabody opponents while the other teams won the inward nines. Several matches are pending.

Next year North should have a fairly decent club with the experience they are now receiving.

TAUNTON NINE TIES NORTH

Coming from behind in the late innings to pound out an 8-8 tie with Taunton at Merrymount Park, before a handful of fans, the North Quincy diamond team showed that they still can wield the willow to advantage.

Although facing a 6 run deficit going into the last of the sixth, North climbed into their batting clothes and shelled "Howie" Doyle from the mound. Green, who came in after Doyle, was greeted by a home run on the first pitch by George Murphy. Mathurin went the route for North and although he issued 7 passes, he whiffed 8 and pitched a fine game after the second, where Taunton scored 5 times. Doyle fanned 10 and passed 4 for his day's work.

McLeod was North's big sticker while Conley stood out for Taunton.

NORTH BEATS HINGHAM TWICE

Twice in a row this season the big bats of North Quincy silenced Hingham pitchers.

At Hingham, North pounded out a 10-4 win which was featured by McLeod's vicious home run over the center-fielder's head and at Merrymount Park she battered 3 hurlers for a 13-5 triumph.

"Cap" Bryan, on the slab for North at Hingham pitched a good game after he settled down and had things pretty well in hand.

Al Edson twirled for the Rogers' forces at Merrymount and did a "swell" job of it. He only walked two men and whiffed 4 which is all right. Another find was "Jimmy" Guilmartin who played short and who accepted 6 chances without an error.

Cunningham, visiting catcher, got 3 out of 4 in this game, and Nelson and Murphy banded 3 out of 5.

WALTHAM, 6; NORTH, 4

North handed Waltham High 4 unearned runs, and thus by their generosity, gave a 6-4 ball game to them at the Waltham athletic field.

Eight misuses the Northerners made, and with the 6 free tickets Walter Bryan issued, Waltham had very little to do.

Waltham showed a fine fielding team; Fahey at third, although kicking a couple, played a beautiful game. A feature of the game was "Ed" Diskin, center-fielder who plays barehanded. "Ed," by the way, handled three chances perfectly.

NORTH WINS FROM TRADE

In a contest that gave North some fine batting practice, North Quincy took Trade over the hurdles, 27-2 at Merrymount Park.

As a baseball game it wasn't much, as North was far superior. Almost every boy on the team got a hit, while Trade had difficulty solving Northern pitching.

QUINCY WINS A PAIR

Although her equal in basketball, North Quincy has to admit that Quincy has her number, at least this year, in baseball. In two contests, Quincy has come off best by a sizable margin, the first game 20-8 and the second 16-4.

The first game was featured by "Tom" Ryan, North second sacker, who garnered 4 out of 4 and by "Cap" Bryan and the same Ryan who clipped the agate for the circuit. "Larry" Cahoon looked good for Quincy.

Their wasn't much to the second game, except "Jim" MacLachlan's two home runs and one by "Art" Downton. Shearer and Orlando worked for Quincy with Bryan, Edson and Mathurin twirling for North.

KENNETH DOWD.

Girls' Athletics

NORTH QUINCY Vs. QUINCY

On March 16th, North Quincy High girls' varsity met the Quincy varsity at North. This year makes the second time North has bowed to Quincy; score 19-17.

Spadorcia led Quincy over North in the first quarter by her spectacular shots. Deering sunk enough baskets in the second quarter to tie the score. Darling and Donna made a neat center section for North. The Quincy guards kept the Northern score unchanged in the third quarter. Rielly, aided by Deering, in the last half. Quincy sent in a few "subs", but soon withdrew them for their original team as North threatened. At the final whistle Quincy led by 2 points.

ANNA CASHMAN.

QUINCY VICTORIOUS AGAIN

The North Quincy high girls have not met with such a successful season as they had hoped to have this year.

Under the guiding wing of Coach Louise Baker, the Quincy varsity romped off with a score of 15-10, showing their scholastic hoop supremacy over the less inferior team from North. Not only did their first team win, but also their seconds tumbled out with a 10-7 lead after a hard attack.

The "big shots" in this win were Platner and McLelland in center bounds, feeding pass after pass to the forward line, while "Spud" Spadorcia piled up a lead, and continued her high scoring rampage with the helping hands of Blausang, both being crack shots.

Playing for the Blue and Gold in center the old Archer and Donna combination worked well while Leavitt and Ready did a dandy job in the first half, covering the shot demons. The points were almost evenly divided among North forwards.

Coach Perkins has high hopes for a winning team next season, as most of the girls will be seniors.

MARGARET DEERING.

FACULTY Vs. VARSITY

Remember March 15? That was the day the boys' and girls' varsity teams played the teachers. The girls and the women teachers played a hard game despite the fact that the boys and men were hilarious. The girls on the varsity team received a great shock when the teachers took them, 31-24. Next year the girls will know just what to look for. Mrs. Alexander, Miss Perkins, Miss Mariner and Miss Smith did the most outstanding playing for the teachers. Ready, Darling, Leavitt and J. Ritchie worked very well in their respective positions. We are looking forward to the next time these teams will meet.

ANNA CASHMAN.

NORTH QUINCY FACULTY Vs. QUINCY FACULTY

Although the North Quincy Faculty played only three games this season, they ended all of them victoriously. Miss Baker of Quincy High, a crack shot, nearly pulled her team ahead of North Quincy several times during the game. Miss Smith of North Quincy changed from guard to forward and placed enough baskets to bring the North Quincy Faculty to victory.

ANNA CASHMAN.

THE JUNIORS DEFEATED

The Senior Girls' Club accepted the challenge to a game of basketball sent them by Junior Girls' Club, toward the latter part of the season. The tilt finished with a 15-13 score. The Seniors should have trimmed them with a lead of about 15 baskets anyway, but for some reason or other they were "stale."

The Junior center had the "good ole" height advantage but our old stand-by "Nat" Archer managed to capture her foe out of some pretty "tough spots" for her team. Anna Cashman, "Cashie," dipped four baskets, totaling eight of the thirteen points scored, while Rita Darling did over her share for the Seniors.

The Juniors' defensives, Butler, Black, Mulaney and Young did a perfect job by managing to break up that opposite combination in the forward bounds.

All in all, this was a slow and quiet game, due probably to the lateness of the season.

Timer, DeVries; scorer, Watts.

MARGARET DEERING.

INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL

In the junior unit the girls who reported for basketball were coached by Miss Perkins and a few members of the varsity team. One practice night a week was reserved for these girls. A close watch was kept over the juniors, because we are looking ahead for a fine team from them. A few games were played, and those who showed signs of becoming real players were: Mary Pratt, Barbara Bruce, Margaret Condroy and Thora Soderberg.

ANNA CASHMAN.



BASKETBALL TEAM

Front row, left to right: Natalie Butler, Margaret Deering, Rita Darling, June Ritchie, May Ritchie.

Second row: Doris Watts, Gladys Olson, Elizabeth Donna, Harriet Leavitt, Eleanor Reilly.

Third row: Catherine Zottoli, Elsie Young, Miss Perkins, Anna Cashman, Mary Ready. Not in the picture, Natalie Archer, Elinor Whitford.

RIDING CLUB

First Row, left to right: Dorothy Stebbins, Emma Westerling, Barbara Keith, Andrey O'Neil, Dorothy Jacques, Emily Powell.

Second row: Miss Perkins, Martha Collins, Ruth Agnew, Anna Cashman, Rita Darling, Muriel Nelson.

Not in picture: Thelma Hall, Shirley Smith, Marie McBride, Muriel Towle, Catherine Horton, Patricia Redman.



TENNIS CLUB

Front Row—May Ritchie, Margaret Henry, Edith Hayman, Anita Maxwell, Edna Fowler, Betty King, Muriel Crosby.

Second Row—Patricia O'Neill, Dorothy Bassett, Eleanor McGuerty.

Third Row—Elsie Young, Mary Randolph, Ruth Mills, Mary Ready, Anna Cashman, Rita Darling, Margaret Deering, Doris Dame.

Fourth Row—Harriett Leavitt, June Ritchie, Eleanor Stafford, Nancy Bray, Harriett Matthews, Doris Peterson, Marjorie Plumb, Alice Bridges, Mary Carroll.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

At the request of many girls, Miss Perkins has organized a tennis tournament among the different grades. Each girl must play three sets and win two of the three. The winners are to compete against the other winners while the losers also are eliminated until a champion is finally selected for every grade. In this manner all students have an equal chance for the honored title. Every grade is fairly well represented. All the girls must know how to play

before entering the contest; whereas there will not be any instructions given to the contestants. A few sets have already been played, but still we have a large number of games to be played before a final decision is made.

MARGARET DEERING.

RIDING CLUB

A Horseback Riding Club has been formed for the first time at North. Its sponsor is Miss Perkins. To some, riding is a novelty; to others



riding is a specialty. Riding instructors accompany those who are learning. The school is situated in Milton in a lovely place, ideal for riding. Every member of the club has reported an enjoyable time; and as far as we know, the horses have not complained.

ANNA CASHMAN.

BASEBALL FOR GIRLS

In every grade a team will be chosen from the girls who come out for baseball. If there are enough girls and plenty of anxiety displayed, the different grades will play each other. Girls have been practicing during regular track practice nights and a great deal of our spring gym periods have been devoted to the baseball art.

The junior girls will be using an indoor baseball, but the seniors may use a regular hard ball.

We may be able to organize a school team and play the other schools in Quincy.

MARGARET DEERING.

TRACK

Track, a new and very popular activity was also introduced at North this year. The spring and summer gym classes were used for testing each girl in the various features of track. Members holding the highest records will compete with one another in class.

A varsity team has been chosen with girls from the 5th through the 11th grades. North's high jumpers are Darling, Cleaves and Robinson. In the broad jump we find Bruce, Darling and Dumphy. As a coincidence we find the same three girls competing in the basketball throw as there are in the baseball throw: Butler, Pratt and Whitford. The 50-yard dash students are Deering, Darling and Pratt. The eight pound shot putt will be placed by Whitford, Butler, Deering and Darling.

One girl will not be allowed to participate in more than three features. We are anticipating Senior High School competition in the near future.

MARGARET DEERING.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."—Emerson

The "Manet" has received magazines from all over the United States and one from Canada. Beginning with this June issue we are obtaining photograph and description of the schools on our mailing list and are placing these in our column.



"This picture shows the rear of East Side High, Salt Lake City, Utah. It overlooks the whole city. Great Salt Lake can be seen in the distance; also the whole downtown district."

This very short interview was made with the Exchange Editor of the "Red and Black," which is the school paper of East Side High School in Salt Lake City, Utah. The interview was made by mail, and the Exchange Editors of the "Manet" wish to thank Frances Rogers for so kindly sending the picture and message to us.

Lower Canada College Magazine—

Your magazine is well organized, but could you possibly weave some of your jokes into a

cartoon page? We are very glad to exchange with you and hope we may continue doing so in the future.

Curtin Junior Citizen—

Your Historical Number was original; also your cartoon concerning Williamsport is certainly complimentary.

The Clipper—

Upon looking through your Poetry Department we found material that proves you have some good future poets.

Briscoe Briefs—

Why not start a campaign for more stories for your literary department?

Broadcaster—

Your yarns of the trail are very interesting.

Langley Pilot—

Your magazine certainly contains some good literature and poetry.

The Cooper High Record—

We like your paper very much and hope you will continue to exchange with us.

The Traveler—

The cover of your magazine is certainly suggestive of your state.

Gallatin High News—

Your columns are very cleverly written. After reading your paper we felt as though we knew some of the people in Gallatin High.

"False alarms are the curse of a fireman's life," says the retired captain. "No one likes to be told to go to blazes for nothing."

—Lower Canada College Magazine.



The Smuggler Dold

She Loves Me!!



The Romantic Interest



The Yankee Millionaire



It's so Romantic!!!

GLEE GLOBE



E. H. Galsworthy



The Dainty Eugene



The gloomy gawt. AH ME!

Here is something to think about:
 Wheels, wheels, wheels—
 Creaking, clanging, roaring, banging;
 Pouring out in never-ceasing flood
 The nation's wealth.
 No man's hand to pack or wrap,
 Only chain and belt and strap—
 Only steam and flame and heat
 With which no human can compete—
 Wheels! W h e e l s ! WHEELS!
 And far below the cinder speckled sky he
 stands—
 The crying beggar, holding out his worthless
 hands. —Maroon and White.

OTHER MAGAZINES RECEIVED ARE:

"Roosevelt Outlook," Roosevelt Junior High

School, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.
 "Troup Trumpet," Augusta Lewis Troup
 Junior High School, New Haven, Connecticut.
 "Southern Bell," Southern Junior High School,
 Somerville, Massachusetts.
 "Vanguard," Hoke Smith Junior High School,
 Atlanta, Georgia.
 "Junior Pioneer," Henry Lord Junior High
 School, Fall River, Massachusetts.
 "Lincoln Junior Times," Lincoln Junior High
 School, Duluth, Minnesota.
 "Carter Chips," Carter Junior High School,
 Chelsea, Massachusetts.
 "The Signal," Woodrow Wilson School, Pas-
 saic, New Jersey.
 "The Maroon and White," Bay Ridge High
 School, Brooklyn, New York.

"Should old acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind?"—Burns

FEBRUARY, 1928

Margaret Forsythe is training at Brockton
 Hospital.

FEBRUARY, 1929

William Cresswell is attending Thayer
 Academy.

Grant Cusamano is living in California.

George Eagles is assistant manager at Hoods
 on Beale Street.

Eleanor Elwell is attending Malden High
 School.

Doris Field is at Clerical School.

Carl Levander is working at Woodworth's
 Garage.

Louis Paragallo is broadcasting over station
 WLOE.

Hildur Sundberg is training at New Eng-
 land Baptist Hospital in Boston.

Thomas Vedoe is at Wentworth Institute.

Robert Von Riegers is attending Radio
 School.

JUNE, 1929

Francis Jenkins is graduating from Thayer
 Academy in June.

Paul McCombs is attending Thayer Academy.
 Gwendolyn Nelson is attending school in
 Weymouth.

Helen O'Connor has moved to New York.

Arthur Peel is at M. I. T. and is also re-
 ceiving high honors.

Perry Rebello is working in a drug store.

Warren Rich is now driving a taxi.

JUNE, 1930

Marion Chambers is assistant editor of the
 "Golden Rod" and treasurer of the Girls' Club.

Anna Danielson is vice-president of Student
 Council and also vice-president of the Girls'
 Club and publicity manager of both. She is
 the joke editor of the "Golden Rod," and
 treasurer of the Page and Stage Club.

William Pendergast and Norman Moberg are
 coming back to North next year.

Edwin Young is at Quincy Trade School.

BERNICE WALKER.

ALBERT NELSON.

"An ounce of wit is worth a pound of sorrow."—Richard Baxter

Stalled Motorist: "Know anything about
 cars like mine?"

Bright Boy: "Yes, about 1,000 jokes."

—Carter Clips.

(Heard at the end of a play):

Boy Scout: "Give us some bread, give us
 some bread," and the curtains came down with
 a roll. —Junior Pioneer.

The ninth grade classes at present, in science,
 are studying the heart. Mr. R. C. Bacon told
 us that our heart consisted of ONE PUMP and
 a DOUBLE set of PLUMBING.

Miss Gooch had our attendance average for

the week on the board which was 90%. She
 also had some English sentences written di-
 rectly opposite and under the per cent. One
 boy read as follows: "We were almost 90%
 exhausted from the hike."

Mr. Bacon declared that the muscles of our
 body worked in two shifts. One pupils piped
 up and said, "I would rather take the night
 shift as I wouldn't have anything to do."

Miss Olive M. Hunt asked a pupil the con-
 venience of money.

The pupil answered: "So that if you want a
 cow, you won't have to bring two pigs to
 market." MARIE CAPPOS, 9-7.

DOES IT PAY?

Statistics compiled by one of America's leading industrial concerns and largest employers show that a business education is worth many times its cost in time and money.

According to these statistics ninety out of every hundred young men and women who train in advance for their jobs make good; while ninety out of every hundred who lack this special training do not succeed.

The demand today, more than ever before, is for a business education that can be of advantage in earning a living. That is why so many high school graduates, even though they are planning on a college or university course, take a year first in a good business school. This helps them scholastically and in many cases enables them to earn money to pay a part of their college expenses.

It is interesting to note that during the troublous times through which business has been passing that graduates of good business schools have found positions even when it seemed that opportunities simply did not exist. In all establishments, trained employees are the last to go and the first to be called back.

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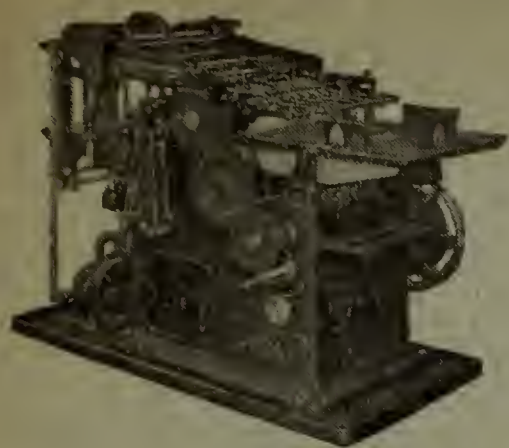
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